

WAR CRY



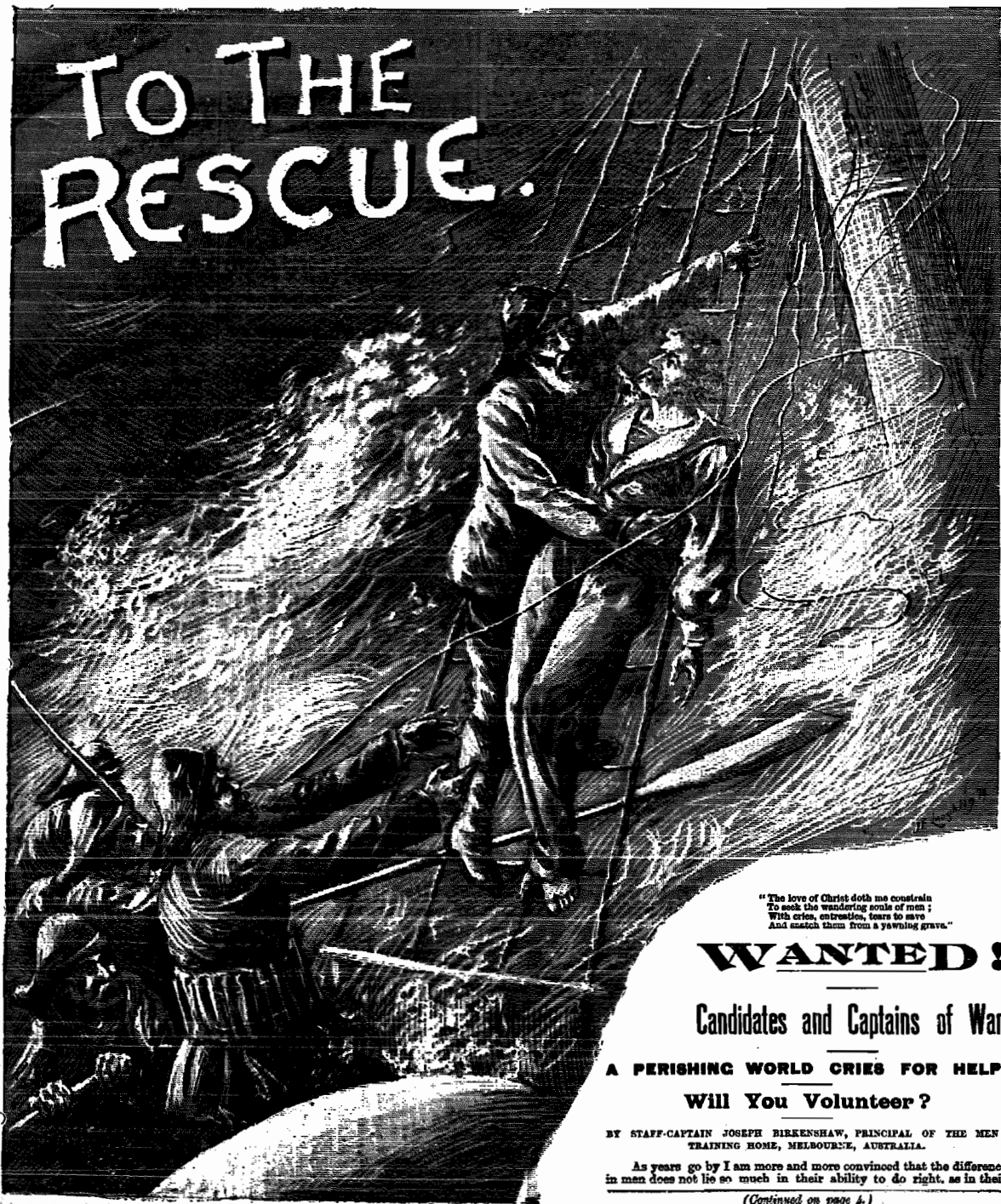
VOL. X. No. 29. [WILLIAM BOOTH,
General of the S. A. Forces throughout the world.]

TORONTO, APRIL 21, 1894.

[HERBERT H. BOOTH,
Commissioner for Canada and Newfoundland.]

PRICE 5 CENTS.

TO THE RESCUE.



"The love of Christ doth me constrain
To seek the wandering souls of men;
With cries, entreaties, tears to save
And snatch them from a yawning grave."

WANTED!

Candidates and Captains of War.

A PERISHING WORLD CRIES FOR HELP.

Will You Volunteer?

BY STAFF-CAPTAIN JOSEPH BIRKENSHAW, PRINCIPAL OF THE MEN
TRAINING HOME, MELBOURNE, AUSTRALIA.

As years go by I am more and more convinced that the difference
in man does not lie so much in their ability to do right, as in their

(Continued on page 4.)

The Marechale's Tour

IN THE
SOUTH OF FRANCE.

(Continued.)

Massment, a pretty little town, picturesquely situated on a mountain slope, was our next destination.

"Never in all my life have I had the privilege to assist such meetings as these," said our brave comrade, Sergeant H., speaking to us of the mighty and powerful series which the Marechale had just held.

And this was certainly the opinion of everybody, not only of our soldiers, which thronged our beautiful hall night after night. The rich,

The Unbelieving, the Indifferent,

Catholics and Protestants alike had come to hear her; some of them, too, with the earnest desire to find the truth, and which have not been disappointed.

Oh, that your readers could have witnessed these never-to-be-forgotten scenes for many a heart; the crowds assembled reduced to silence before the vibrating truths which the Marechale uttered in real Holy Ghost power; the conviction depicted on almost every countenance; the tears which flowed; the influence of the Holy Spirit, which literally invaded the audience.

The last evening of Marechale's stay was, by a happy suggestion, devoted to a family meeting. Of course, this drew a large concourse of people, who were delighted at this prospect. It had been announced that she would speak on the principles and the aim of the Salvation Army, as also of the good that is being done by its means. The people listened most attentively, and seemed much impressed by all they heard. Certainly,

Much Proficiency

was done away with that night, and many new friends were won. Five persons, among whom two backsliders came home.

Next day, most inspiring meeting in

Nimes,

where a large crowd had assembled to bid La Marechale welcome. In spite of her great fatigue, and with the influenza upon her, she held her audience for more than an hour.

Spell-Bound.

But we must not linger to describe the scenes that followed. Surely God's Spirit was at work, and only eternity will reveal all that was done that night. At

Montpellier

a most distinguished audience, of whom the greater part were students. Certainly they, too, were enthusiastic, but this became rather embarrassing, as their frequent exclamations and applaudments interrupted the Marechale continually. At last she was obliged to leave, however not before she had sent some piercing arrows of God's truth home to their hearts.

While waiting for the train at the station, two gentlemen came up to speak to her, expressing their regret at her being disturbed by the students. As they showed great interest in the work the Salvation Army is doing in France and elsewhere, the Marechale consented to explain to them its principles and aim. Soon a crowd began to gather around, including

Portiers and Officials,

so the waiting-room was transformed into a meeting, and a collection also was made in favor of the work, to which everybody readily contributed.

Nimes.

Commissioner Booth-Clibborn arrives for a five days' campaign and officers' council. About eighty officers present. Marvellous time of heart-searching and baptism of the Holy Ghost. Apostolic life was the note in every meeting, and by means of the burning words uttered by our beloved Commissioner, and still more through their own beautiful example, we were able to see in clearer light and fuller meaning our vocation—to be an apostle of Jesus Christ.

St. Hippolyte and Le Vigan

are the next posts that are visited. At this latter place, the theatre had been secured. Splendid audience; marvellous time. In spite of the attempts of several young men to disturb, Marechale held the public for over an hour. Much sympathy was manifested. Several members of the

Auxiliary League were made, among whom the proprietor of the theatre. But we must go on to

La Salle.

A small place of about 500 inhabitants, who were looking forward with great eagerness to the Marechale's first visit to their town. Most powerful meeting in large hall, held for less than three shillings, which was crowded to its utmost capacity. After the evening meeting, the Marechale acceded to the request of two gentlemen of the aristocracy, to adjourn

To Their Drawing-Room

for refreshments. Several ladies were assembled. The Marechale explained to them the principles and aims of our work, and made also an appeal on its behalf, which was readily responded to. We were touched by their kindness, the more so, as such true kindness is rare among the French with regard to the Salvation Army.

St. Jean de Gard

is impatient to receive us with open arms. The two Sunday meetings were well attended. Souls saved, young girls shed tears over their wasted lives, and five brave Auxiliaries of our *Ligue*. But, alas! that night, that theatre holding some 1,500 people, filled from end to end, and in spite of its being open to the night winds all *can* *will*, making it dangerous to speak, the Marechale held that

Vast Audience

spell-bound; that block of men-infidels, so lost to all religious influence, still lives before our eyes, and we understand the Marechale's deep regrets at having to leave this town, where the crowds flock from far and near, and where such a magnificent opportunity is offered for saving; but

Valence,

with thirty officers, are waiting eagerly for encouragement and council with their Marechale.

The daily paper, in giving an account of this remarkable meeting, begins:

"The audience was very eloquent; in the reserved seats we find all the nobility in law, finance, and administration that Valence contains. One would believe one's self in a theatre. The Army has gained ground in our town," etc.

The meeting was

A Splendid Success

in spite of the dense crowd and overpowering heat, which caused one woman to fall down faint. Major Jeannet promptly carried her out in his arms and saved our meeting.

At the close, a woman-anarchist, who has been imprisoned for eight months, sobbed aloud for mercy, and her sister, a concert actress, knelt by her side to help her.

After a most blessed council with Commissioner and Marechale with these heroic officers, we pass on to

Lyons.

Also, the hall is far too small to the hundreds of people who press for admittance! A crowding time follows. The Marechale was divinely sustained, and the audience never stirred, then the Commissioner followed, singing his last composed song, which riveted his hearers, not only on account of the

Ensemble Musical Accompaniment

and singing, but the words appealing so pathetically to the prodigal son to come. Two young men arose, and before that assembly knelt down. One woman, then followed three more young men. One cried aloud for mercy, and the laughing lady-spectator by his side could not hinder these earnest seekers finding Jesus, the Saviour. Oh, what a case we have in the dark, sin-blighted town of Lyons! Oh, the stories of sorrow, suffering, and shame we hear! We must go forward to the rescue.

GUGELMANN.

"SOWING THE SEED."

One of Many Converts Scatters the Word.

At Washington, D.C., one day recently, every United States member found in my mail, a neat little package of religious tracts enclosed by a rubber band, and bearing on its face, the words, "Compliments of J. B. C. Blackburn." This was the popular Kentucky Senator's device for commending to his constituents that he had abandoned for ever his old life, and entered upon a new and untiring existence, as the result of the convicting eloquence of Evangelist Moody, who has been holding revival meetings in Washington for a month.—*New York Sun.*

Definiteness and Determination.

Good Qualities for Christian Soldiers.

After referring to the proportionately large number of penitents at Salvation Army meetings in Great Britain, the *New York Witness* (evangelical) asks:—

"Can any other religious organization show a like result in proportion to its numbers? We don't know of any, and doubt not that this is a unique experience. What are the causes of so remarkable a result to the labors of this peculiar people? Among others, probably, a simple issue and a determined purpose are the two most potent. The simple issue is, that the man who accepts Jesus is saved now, and the man who does not accept Jesus is damned now. No question of waiting for the salvation or for the damnation, and nothing problematical about either. The determined purpose is to induce men to

Accept Christ at Once,

and to pass from death unto life. No energy wasted in theological dispute or hair-splitting theories. Now, people with so strong a conviction on so simple an issue, undiluted with any "pale doubts," are sure to make an impression. They lose no strength in discussing side issues. It is with them a matter of life and death with no margin for chance.

"Would not a physician ignore the tooth-ache or the headache, and count all such ailments as trifles not worth immediate attention, if through a gaping wound the patient's blood was rapidly escaping? Would he not concentrate all his skill and energy in a supreme effort to stop the flow of

The Crimson Tide

of life? So these practical Christians ignore forms and ceremonies, while engaged in a supreme effort to save life. Are they not right? There may be different opinions as to the peculiar methods of these Christian soldiers—their music, their parades, their gestures may not commend themselves to more conservative minds—but how can we quarrel with any instrumentality which achieves such success in bringing sinners to

The Foot of the Cross?

Did not Paul say, 'I am made all things to all men that I might by all means save some'? We must remember also the words of the Master, 'By their fruits ye shall know them.' Surely if the testimony of 'then the Salvation Army will stand the test. Brethren, are we employing any means? Let criticism be dumb, and active, aggressive work characterize our lives. 'The fields are white ready to harvest'; 'the night cometh when no man can work'; yet the professed servants of Christ are usually more ready to criticize other people's methods than to go to work themselves."

WANTED: Reality in the Open-Air.

While holding our open-air meeting before one of the hotels in the town of Cornwall some time ago, there were two young men going by. One of us was presumed insane, who would not listen to any of our meetings before, but on this occasion he asked his companion to stop with him.

After listening for some time to the testimonies given and the choruses sung by the comrades he turned away and said to his companion,

"That will do, I am convinced."

"They are right; I am wrong."

Dear comrades, let us be more than ever faithful in our open-air work; we do not know what the result may be; eternity alone will reveal that.

The world is looking to us to-day as Salvationists for something to help them on their way to heaven. They may treat us coolly, and even with scorn, but if we are true soldiers of the Cross they will and do have confidence in us.

May the Lord make us real!

The World Wants Reality.

God wants reality. The Salvation Army wants real, loyal, brave and true soldiers of Jesus.

Just a word to the unbeliever, and the skeptic, and the scoffer, and the Christ-rejector.

Remember, God is not mocked; that which ye sow ye shall also reap; if you sow to the flesh ye shall eat the flesh ye reap corruption; but if you sow to the Spirit ye shall eat the Spirit ye reap life everlasting.

And again, God has said in His Word, "Because I have called and you refused, I have stretched out My hand no man regarded, but ye have said at thought all My counsel and went none of My reproof, I also will laugh at your calamity, I will mock when your fear cometh."

May the Lord help you to listen to His voice and be convinced, and not stop there, but be converted also, without which no man can enter the kingdom of heaven.

God bless you with salvation.
SERGEANT SPOONER,
Chesterville, Ont.

Officers' Council

LED BY THE COMMANDANT
At Lippincott Street.

They have a cosy room at Lippincott's which, on Friday, just previous to starting for the West, the Commandant met a number of the Toronto officers, for a morning and afternoon session, winding up with the usual "Friday Night." A quiet and rather stiff appearance was presented at first, but the opening outburst of holy song showed there was fiery enthusiasm under the calm exterior.

Speaking of having an abundant entrance to heaven, the Commandant said doubtless we should all be surprised at the number of big lights who would come to our welcome home. Possibly Father Abraham would doff his hat to us—but (significantly) if you want Abraham to receive you there, you must be such characters as he would not be ashamed to associate with here.

As usual the Commandant said some excellent and thoughtful things.

"We officers of the Salvation Army are, in a special sense, citizens set on a hill, which cannot be hid. Hence our influence, either for good or evil, is far greater than if we were in the ordinary walks of life. A false prophet has always been the greatest catastrophe to a people. Illustrated by the evil of a negligent railway signal, the Old Testament law recognizes the extreme importance of the signalman's position in such that it makes his neglect of duty a crime equal to manslaughter. What measure of crime is a negligent signalman or watchman guilty of?"

Then followed an enumeration of some of the principal traits in the character of the Man, Christ Jesus, Who is the model for us all.

Major Read was called on for a few words. He said it was his first ambition to be of spiritual benefit to people. He was right with God, and that was necessary, since others will become what they find in us. He heard the voice of God in the order for this new appointment, and rejoiced that he had enough of the Holy Ghost and the Army spirit to go anywhere. The Major's concluding words of exhortation were, "Let us be what we expect others to be."

Mrs. Major Read praised God that He had kept her holding on. She had confidence in the Salvation Army. Some time ago, when called on to give from the front of the fight, she had proved more certainly than ever that her heart was in the Salvation Army.

There is no doubt but that Mrs. Read heartily agrees with and is a partner in her husband's whole-hearted consecration to the cause of Christ, as prosecuted under the particular methods of the Salvation Army.

A few words more from the Commandant, in which he remarked that, "the apostles were the consistent slaves of fidelity and principle," and a prayer meeting brought the inspiring little council to a close.

THE COMMANDANT GOING WEST.

A Loving Send-Off.

The Commandant and Brigadier Hallett left Toronto for the West by the 10:15 train, on Friday night. They were escorted to the Union Depot by a splendid body of troops, headed by a brass band. Every body seemed pleased, except an individual who hurriedly came through the doors of an hotel and caught at the reins of a couple of horses, who apparently were tickled with the music.

Standing on the cars and facing the platform, jammed with the soldiers, the Commandant gave a parting address, exhorting all to more out-and-out service for God and humanity. Then the Commandant waved his hand, esp. Brigadier Hallett smiled, Adjutant and Mrs. Archibald, bound for Victoria, B.C., stretched out their hands through the car window for a last comradely grip, and the big express glided out from the white glare of the electric lamps into the night.

From every pair of lungs a shout came, and the waving blazes of the brass band fully concurred this happy send-off. May the Lord bless our beloved leader, and bring him back in health and strength.

FRIDAY NIGHT

The Elm Street Young Women's Christian Association Hall was full of holy song as we entered on Friday night.

These FRIDAY NIGHT gatherings are like a weekly family reunion—there is a beneficent flow of human sympathy as well as Divine influence. A host of kindly admonitions, holy choruses which ring out during the course of a FRIDAY NIGHT would surprise the ordinary meeting-goer outside Salvation Army circles. Here are some that came in between prayers on the last FRIDAY NIGHT:—

"I need thee, oh, I need Thee,
Every hour I need Thee;
Oh, bless me now, my Saviour,
I come to Thee."

"Yes, Lord, I'm coming to Thee."

"My Jesus, I love Thee,
I know Thee as mine,
For Thou art the Father of sin
I resign," etc.

"His blood can make the vilest clean,
His blood can make me."

"While before Thee I am kneeling,
(Tune—While the heavenly, heavenly music.)
Oh, hasten my prayer,
For Thou knowest my willing
For Thee to live or die."

Mother Florence prayed the Lord to bless, care for, and go with the Commandant on his tour westward.

Adjutant McGillivray's voice was also heard in joyful intercession, followed by Essie Phillips.

The Commandant gave another thoughtful and interesting discourse on the FRIDAY NIGHT topic, viz., "Real Religion."

Truths that lie hidden below the surface of things were exhibited clearly.

Real religion has its root in the secret place of man's being. It affects first the motive; it gives a clean heart, from which, of necessity, proceeds a clean, pure life.

The root of real religion is love. Love is a supreme thing. Its power is greater than whirlwind or earthquake. For the love of self, what will a man not do? Love makes sacrifice a pleasure, whether in the spiritual or natural sphere. And yet we never see love; we see its effects. Love is the most attractive thing in the world. Man who loves himself, will go the length of dying for himself. In fact, many men in this Dominion are in process of slowly dying for self. So when a man loves in a similar fashion his brother, he will die for him; and when he loves his God, he will die for his God; and when he loves His cause, he will die for His cause, and thus it is that the whole law is embodied in LOVE. Hence we sing:

"Let me love Thee, Saviour."

The whole question of a man's labor for God, is his love. Labor will not make love, but love produces labor. We hear men say, "I will work much. Ask: 'Do I love God?'" not in a sentimental, dreamy way, but in that tangible, graspable way, which makes labor and suffering for Him a joy.

In too many instances the self-sacrifice of Christians is not to be compared to the self-sacrifice of the Israelites who were working in this day the gold of gold. Their offerings before His shrine, put to shame those of many Christians, and they offer those because gold is the greatest thing in their horizon. One of the saddest facts in contemplating the eternal ruin of souls is that at last they will find they have been deluded. Not only will they be lost because they sinned, but because they have been duped. They will have sacrificed their all, for what will turn out to be only a myth.

Jesus Christ, the true and Eternal Reality, comes to each to-night. He seeks to draw hearts to Himself. He is not looking for other things. He wants your heart. "Give Me thine heart," He says, "and I will give thee a kingdom."

No mere round of doings, no human tinkering, no either bring back your love for Him, or be a substitute in the place of it. Neither can we love by proxy. Love is given by spirit-fueled spirit. Even as the two points of carbon when charged with electricity produce the light, and the match flint the heat, produces fire. We want not the words, but the realizations. If you come to Jesus, He sincerely to-night, you shall experience the realization.

Oh, what a marvel that such a poor, insignificant creature can have breathed into him the wonderful spirit of love; that we are so constructed as to receive and give out that which is so much greater than ourselves. Look at that locomotive standing in the Union depot; it is the concentration of the thought of whole generations of men, and the marvel about it is that it has the capacity to receive

info and give out of itself a greater force than itself. So may the soul looking upward and outward receive to itself God's Holy Spirit of love and then bear in good deeds and kind words that blessed gift to the poor dying, starving world.

Mrs. Booth rose next to sing and speak. The meeting always assumes an animated appearance when Mrs. Booth is at the helm. Mrs. Booth administered most incisive truths, that go right home to the heart of her audience as they have recovered from the laughter provoked by some humorous story.

On this occasion the inquiries amongst the saints must have set on them; it was a bad time for those who have for this world "nothing but a groan and a sigh." We are to learn to praise the Lord where we are, not imagining our particular circumstances prevent us doing so. Even through bands and afflictions await us we could still find grace like Paul to sing in the prison.

Adjutant Archibald, who, with Mrs. Archibald, accompanies the Commandant out West, also said a few farewell words.

Lighthouse at Kingston.

BRENDAN HOLT.

"I think I can safely announce Adjutant Maston as the 'Salvation Tumbler,'" said Essie McGillivray, as he told the people about the expected visit of the above worthy, and the Lighthouse visit.

Thursday night, March 22nd, Adjutant Maston was with us, and so was Captain Dodge. Adjutant said he was tired, but did not give evidence of being so in the meeting.

There were solos in profusion, new choruses to learn, etc. The Adjutant sang to his heart's content, then shouted and jumped till everyone felt free.

Captain Dodge sang an original verse of a song, and delivered an extremely original address. Altogether, the meeting was a real profitable time.

Friday night was announced as the night of the Lighthouse service.

There was a good crowd in the hall before the meeting had even begun, and by the time the lights were turned down, it was nicely filled. A few of the rougher class were ready to take advantage of the darkness, but Adjutant soon obtained order, and the service began.

It was indeed impressive. The words of our standing out in the darkness, and the strains of sweet, blended with the voice of the people, could not help but impress those present.



It would take too long to follow the Adjutant in his trip to London, England, and its different Army institutions to help and uplift the fallen, taken out to the many scenes on the Hadleigh Farm Colony. Back again to Canada, with its Homes, Shelters, and Refugees, for men, women, and children, giving us a glance at the Home of Rest, on George Street, Toronto, and listening to the music that seemed to steal softly through the newly opened window, and seats towards the front. Then came the speech of our dear leaders, and their Staff of Provincial Secretaries, who seemed to smile at us from the canvas.

We close at Kingston, by bidding good night to Brigadier and Mrs. Booth, and then the words of the doxology stood out on the canvas.

Adjutant Maston made a good expounder, and talked from the time the first picture was thrown on the canvas, until the benediction was pronounced.

Captain Dodge had the big lantern in good shape, and did his part well. The service was profitable and enjoyable.

W. RYAN.

LADY ABERDEEN.

Her Excellency Deprecates Customs of Undue and Unnecessary Mourning.

Visiting Quebec in connection with the National Council of Women, Lady Aberdeen expressed her pleasure at meeting so many of the elite of Quebec on such an occasion, pointed out the good objects of the association and the great benefits which might be expected to flow from it, and exhorted the ladies of Quebec to co-operate heartily in so noble a cause.

Her Excellency's references to her recent bereavement in the death of her father were quite feeling. She took this opportunity of expressing her gratitude to the women of Canada for the kindly sympathy shown her, and said she was sure there was no risk of her attendance being misunderstood, for it was chiefly the knowledge of the sympathy extended her that enabled her to soon appear at meetings of this character. Her Excellency stated that though she deprecated customs of undue and unnecessary mourning, there was, perhaps, sometimes a tendency to dispense with the advantages derivable from seasons of privacy and quiet when used aright. THE PRESENT PORTITUDE OF HER DEAR MOTHER IN HER RECENT BEREAVEMENT WAS THE RESULT OF A LIFELONG SELF-SACRIFICE AND SELF-CONTROL, WHICH WAS HER CHILDREN'S GREATEST PRIDE AND CONFIDENCE. Her Excellency expressed the hope of her mother's death not coming to her, and said that all her own friends here might learn to know and to appreciate her.

A Canadian in London.

HACKNEY, LONDON.

Only to-day I received a copy of the Canadian WAR CRY, of December 16th, 1893. I am much obliged to you for so kindly inserting my letter from Scotland. If my dear comrades in Scotland and Newfound only knew how I long for a look at the Canadian WAR CRY, I am sure they would send me one often.

Well, here I am in the greatest city in the world—the great emporium of the universe; and what is better still, the great emporium of the Salvation Army, which is now spreading all over the world its mighty soul-saving work.

There are many grand and beautiful things to be seen in London. Magnificent architecture, exquisite sculpture; buildings hundreds of years old, full of historic interest, etc., etc.; but to me and my friends, the P.C.A.A., Mrs. A. Beer, from Glasgow, who are here on a visit to the backbones, nothing is so marvellously interesting as the magnificent works of the Salvation Army. And we are led to exclaim, as we see the multitude, with grateful hearts: "What hath God wrought!"

We visited the "Bridge"—the ex-prisoner's Home—at King's Cross. It was my privilege to interest myself while in Scotland, about a young man, who was then in Wandsworth jail. He is now in the Home, happy and contented; best of all, saved, and determined to live for God. He prayed aloud with us before we left. The "Bridge" is a hive of industry. The men and boys are happy and contented. Many are saved, and the law of Christ, the law of love prevails everywhere.

The great Food Depot, Whitechapel Road, is full of interest. We saw the dear old souls, and the poor, hungry men and women enjoying their soup in the middle of the day. They were too busy to look up. But I must be brief.

From there we went to the Women's Shelter, in Hambury Street (where all those fearful murders took place). This Shelter is kept spotless clean, and numbers of poor women and children (some of them Jewish) are nightly sheltered here, and sleep on clean, comfortable beds.

Then we crossed the street to the "Elevator"—a wonderful establishment—where a crowd of men are employed day after day, setting paper, making bags, coats for barracks, cabinet making, painting, varnishing furniture. We saw some beautiful carving done here by one of the men, and even an artist is at work here. Lots of talent is to be found here; indeed, a person remarked to me: "If you want to find talent, go to the Shelters, and you will find it."

Then we went to the Lighthouse (such an appropriate name), the Home of the Elevator man. We had a most interesting visit here. We took a cup of tea with the wonderful messenger, Captain Hemmings and his wife. Just beautiful people to carry on this work.

Then we watched the men coming in

from their work at the "Elevator," with their pence, or an equivalent, in their hands and ordering their cup of tea. (Oh, such good tea! Not like that you get at a tea-meeting, made in a wash-bowl; but a decent cup of tea and thick slices of bread and meat or butter, and jelly and marmalade which every one chooses. Quietly and orderly they all take their places at the tables; grace is sung in a very hearty manner; the attack is made; and after enjoying a good meal they retire to the bath rooms, where hot and cold water is provided for them, and after tidying themselves up a bit, a conversational meeting is held (for numbers do get converted at the Lighthouse), and then all assemble in the hall for a great salvation meeting.

We had the privilege of taking part in the meeting, and one young man came out and gave his heart to God.

Many of these men have once been respectable, and filled good positions in society, but have fallen through drink and misfortune. Thank God, the Salvation Army has come to their rescue, and is giving them a helping hand.

I could give you many incidents and life histories related by the Captain, but I remember you have a W. P. B.

We have also seen the "Ark"—a beautifully conducted home for the men; also the "Anchor," at Bethnal Green. The penny shelters for men at Blackfriars, very remarkable places, for between 700 and 800 men are nightly sheltered here. For the small sum of one penny a poor fellow can get something to eat and a night's shelter, and if any have to leave the shelter early in the morning to go to work, as early as 5 a.m., officers are ready to provide them with a cup of coffee and something to eat.

The sleeping and cleansing arrangements are perfect in all the shelter, and would put many a private house to shame which may have a very grand exterior.

Some of the poor fellows say when they come out at the close of the day, "I am glad to get home again."

There are splendid corps at Holloway, Camberwell, Kensington Lane and Stoke Newington. At nearly all those corps we have taken part in the meetings. We had a meeting in one of the Rescue Homes, when five girls came to the penitence form to seek Christ. Sad, sad histories are told here.

Very blessed meetings were held in the Grecian theatre last night yesterday, led by Colonel McKie, who has lost none of the fire he had when in Canada. Over twenty persons came out at the holiness meeting to get sanctified. Indeed while the Colonel was reading the lesson in Ephesians 1st, about the exceeding price of redemption, one young man voluntarily arose and came out to the penitence form and got saved.

We hope soon to see Hadleigh Farm. I expect I shall have some wonderful things to tell you about that noted place further on.

I am praying and believing that the day is not far distant when the doors of St. Paul's Cathedral and Westminster Abbey will be thrown open to the Salvation Army, and the walls of those magnificent and ancient buildings shall resound with—

"He's the Lily of the Valley, the bright and Morning Star,
He's the Sun of ten thousand to my soul."

There shall be great shouts of praise and waving of hands and clapping of hands, from souls saved through the precious blood and filled with Holy Ghost fire. God grant that it may be so!

"Nothing is too hard for Thee." "All things are possible with God; and all things are possible to him that believeth. Hallelujah! Yours believing.

MARY E. ELLIS.

"The Spirit occupies to us the same relation as Christ did to His disciples, or as He would do to us if He were on earth now. It is His representative, dwelling in the midst of the Church. It is our atmosphere, and the church is a great fair of tents. We are in cells in these lungs, and if some of us are clogged up with worldliness, the lungs are able with each breath to inhale to the full the pure atmosphere of the Spirit."—Rev. Dr. JORDON.

CLARENCEAU once tried many times to force a man to fight him, but without success. Finally, seeing his enemy drinking his coffee after dinner, in the Cafe de la Paix, he walked up to him and stirred up the coffee with the ferule of his walking stick. The man, quite ignoring Clarenceau, called out, "Waiter, bring me another cup of coffee, this one is dirty." The laugh turned on the aggressor, and there was no deal that time.—Selected.

What About the NEW SUIT

You wanted to get this Spring? Now is your time. Send for samples and see the new styles at the American Tailor to the Trade Secretary.

To the Rescue.

(Continued from page 1.)

will. The difference between the great and the insignificant, the feeble and the powerful, is that the one possesses an invincible determination, while the other lacks this quality. "A purpose once fixed, then

Death or Victory,

is a good battle-cry for Salvationists.

Another thing that has impressed me very forcibly is, that in order to live a successful life our whole energies must be given up to make ourselves efficient in what we conceive to be the most important object of life. Our

Probation

is so short, that even, if it is stretched out to the allotted three score years and ten, it will soon be gone; therefore, let us, as Salvationists, wake up, and only go in to spend and be spent in the noble work of saving souls.

Salvationist! The very word avours of victory, of courage, grip, and fighting qualities, of contempt of danger and devotion, even to the death, to our God and the great cause of Salvationism. May God help us to be true to this spirit and to all that the name Salvationist implies, and to carry out in one's every day life the same blessed compassionate spirit of Jesus Christ. Let us look at the world, not through our own feeble eyes, but through the eyes of the Man of Sorrows and with the sympathy of Christ as He climbed Golgotha's hill, and stretch out our hands and feel the iron nails tear their way through our flesh and, as His side was opened and the blood trickled down the slopes of Calvary, let us imagine ourselves, as far as in us lies, given over to the power of darkness, forsaken of God! alone! with the fendish laughter and exulting of the lost in hell. The saints and those who died at their post for God, had divine assistance, but not so with Jesus. "He trod the wine press alone; He was made sin—in all its black

Hideousness.

He saw, as no other ever saw, the exceeding sinfulness of sin. He beheld the human race struggling in vain with the devil and craftiness, and power of the wicked, and, seeing it, He laid His own side and came and met the prince of darkness on his own ground, and defeated him. Could we only enter into the vastness of our

Responsibilities,

we might be better able to fight His battles and uphold His cause.

And, after all, it only needs concentration. We are transformed by believing; and, if we concentrate all our feelings on Christ, we must, as a natural consequence, get like Him in our anxiety to

Rescue

our fellows. Nothing will daunt us; but the same as some dear fellows on the south coast of England, who, on hearing the alarm that a vessel was wrecked a little way from the coast, launched the lifeboat, and were soon on the scene. The day had far advanced before the brave crew, with their boat, reached the wreck, and, as the darkness of night came on, and the noble men had not returned, fires were kindled in order to guide them to the shore. After a while the suspense was relieved by the appearance of the lifeboat coming back, some- times mounted on the crest of a mountain wave, and then lost in the trough of the sea; but as they neared the shore, a man named John Holden, stepped into the edge of the water, and cried out, "Hi, hi! I have you saved the men!" Above the howling wind, and the roaring of the breakers, came back the welcome shout, "Hi, hi, we have saved the men!"

However, when the

Lifeboat

was reached, it was found that one poor fellow had been left clinging to the wreck.

"Why did you not save him?" said Holden.

"We were so exhausted, that we thought it better to get safely to land with those we had, or else, in all probability we should all have perished," replied the captain.

"But you will return for the other poor soul!" eagerly spoke Holden.

"Ho," said they, "the storm is too fierce, and we are too exhausted to make an attempt."

Holden was so overcome, that he threw himself down on the pebbly beach, and lifted up a prayer to God that He might put it into the hearts of those present to rescue this one man.

Six men, seeing his earnestness, volunteered to accompany him, and were just

about launching the lifeboat, when the aged

Mother

of Holden rushed down the beach, threw her arms round his neck, and pleaded with him to stay.

"You must not go! What shall I do if you perish? Your father was drowned at sea, and it is two years since your brother Will left, and he has never been heard of; perhaps he too has perished; and now, you, my only hope—my joy and stay; yes, too, would leave me in loneliness!"

Holden answered: "Mother, God has put it in my heart to go, and if I perish, He will take care of you."

And he, with his brave fellows, risked the fury of the gale, to save this one poor soul. Holden could put himself in the poor mariner's place; he could see the seething, smoking sea as they swung themselves up against the battered wreck, and could fully enter into the reality and acuteness of his position. The rescue was safely carried out, and when they returned, the cry was once more raised: "Have you saved the men?"

"We have saved the men," shouted Holden, "and tell mother it is my brother Will."

And now, Salvationist, look at the millions around you who are in a worse position than this man on the wreck. Therefore, haste to the rescue, even though you should perish in the attempt; at all costs do your duty to these millions who are without God. It may wear away your lives, but never mind; like Paul, count not your lives dear unto yourselves, so that you may win them, and delight the heart of the Man of Sorrows.

Don't stop to consider whether it will pay or no; if you are in earnest, live and work, and let God take care of the paying part, and if, as we often say, people are willing to sacrifice so much to save men's bodies, ought we not to be more practical in our endeavor to save immortal souls? If we were only half as earnest over the immortal, as other folks are over the mortal, we should do a greater work.

What are we going to do? Merely save ourselves, or set to work for the salvation of others? Multitudes of demure and harlots have been washed in the Blood of Jesus, multitudes upon multitudes are unwashed yet, and are harder to rescue to-day than ever they were before; and many go down to the pit within hearing of the blessed Gospel. They say, "Where is the sign of His coming?" for since He went away all things remain as of yore, and it needs whole-hearted men and women who can say, "Look upon us, He dwells in us."

So they look and they see a reflection of the character of Jesus Christ, and they will either believe to their own salvation, or get to hate you with a perfect hatred, and if they dare, would trust you as Stephen was trusted again back.

What are you doing? Perhaps nothing, or else engaged in selfish scheming about your own future prospects; haggling with your God as to how much time, money, and energy you can spare Him and His work.

Day by day your brothers drop into the

Lake of Fire,

from whence the smoke of their torments shall ascend up for ever and ever. God wants you to toil and work, and, if necessary, sacrifice your life in securing the salvation of your fellows. Unselfishness is so uncommon that anyone a little less selfish than his comrades, stands out as a remarkable exception. But we must follow in the blood tracks of our Saviour! Oh, how unfrequented is the track of Oliver! Blood-marks are there—the marks of His poor, weary feet, that trod the path of sorrow and grief for our ungrateful hearts. The thorns in this track are so sharp, the way so dark and lonely, but Jesus went that way. How often do we sing,

"Jesus, let me tread the path that leads to Thee!"

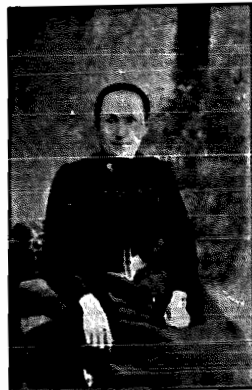
And what is the good of saying or singing, unless selfishness is lost in love? This miserable self-seeking, how it is withering and blasting the lives of men and women who have ability and strength! But they are nothing God. I would therefore sound out a note of warning to all such. A day of reckoning is coming. You may think all is well, and lay the flattering unction to your soul that God only requires a half-hearted service. Though the Judgment wheels of God grind slowly, yet they grind exceeding sure. By-and-by the earth will reel, and be split asunder with eternal burnings, and your character will stand out in letters of living fire before an assembled universe; therefore cast aside all excuses, do your duty as a soldier of Jehovah. Follow in the blood tracks of those who have gone up out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb.

"They met the tyrant's brand of steel,
The lion's gory mane;
They bowed their necks the death to feel;
Who follows in their train?"

Will you live like Jesus Christ? The world needs sympathy and love which only Jesus can give, and you, with Christ living in you, can be the channel that can convey His power into their poor hearts. No one else can do your work, therefore if you don't do it your life will be a blank.

Remember, that all profusion that ends in mere talk is cant, and cant stinks in the nostrils of the Almighty. Perhaps there is nothing for you if you fight for God but hunger, peril, and death, but remember, that God will see to it that you will receive your crown, and Jesus will clasp you to His heart when you reach the glory land.

My Conversion.



MRS. ELIZABETH BAIN, AUXILIARY 237, CULLODEN, N. S.



SEND me a short sketch of my life. I was born in 1862, the year of the birth of the Salvation Army.

God touched my heart with the finger of His love at a very early age, while sitting beneath the sound of the Gospel preached by Rev. Proter Morrison, a Presbyterian minister, then stationed at Bridgewater. I kept the experience all to myself, as there seemed no chance for me to do otherwise.



BURNING THE WAR CRY.

I joined the Baptist Church in this place in 1885. Every family I boarded with while engaged in teaching, with the exception of one, were Baptist, and I seemed to grow attached to that denomination.

I do not remember ever hearing the Salvation Army ever spoken of before the winter I was at Truro, and then it was in a very interesting manner by a young lady, a Roman Catholic. I wondered a great deal what they were like.

A few years later they came to Digby, and people said they did not know what they were coming for, but if it was for money they would not get much out of Digby! Some persons who went to hear them told me great many foolish stories, which I was not ready to believe, before seeing matters in myself.

My husband bought a Wagon Car on day at Digby and brought it home to read. He so aroused me, I was not long in having the satisfaction of seeing it in flames.

I about two years ago, a band of Salvationists came to visit from Digby to hold a meeting in our school-house. They carried a great drum, or brought it in a cart, and I remember saying, "What is the use of having that great thing full of clapping; it was a good big heart full of something and it would answer our purposes better." But Captain always called it their organ, and made it roar at the top of its voice. The singing went on quite lively, and as the evening ended with, "And with Jesus will bless all the day," were sung, I began to think I was not so happy as I might be, or, at least, not so happy as those people seemed to be.

It must have been the cause of this world, the desecration of riches had evilly had really reduced my heart to a lachrymose state. Before the meeting was closed, the Captain asked all those who wished to be prayed for to stand up. I arose. He then said to come to the penitent-form. I found myself there while others were praying.

"The effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much," came into my mind, and arising, I felt much more strengthened.

None other but God knows of the battle fought and the victories won since then between myself on the one side and the world, flesh, and devil on the other, and to-day I can safely say that through the power of God and the name of Jesus, the New Jerusalem is come to my soul.

Praise the Lord, praise none other, praise and adore His holy and blessed name alone. Captain Curry dealt very earnestly indeed with me in behalf of my salvation, urging me to be reconciled to those who had espied against me for injuring them in any way, as to make my gifts at the altar acceptable to my God.

There is nothing to-day comes up before my conscience to be done, but those words, "Go out and preach the Gospel to every living creature." How my heart burns when I lay up my mind I will lay down my life as my Master laid His down!

I am here ready to go to Thy call, dear Master, for You have suffered so much for me; anywhere, everywhere for Thee, and Thee alone.

THE navigator, when in dread of a storm, casts out his anchor. We, too, if we possess the anchor of hope fixed in God, need fear no storm.

RELIGION to a true believer is like water to a fish; it is his element; he lives in it, and he could not live out of it. Religion, that which cometh from above, is full of joy and gladness and holy liberty. It lets its subjects down in the clear, limpid waters of the ocean of love, and brings them up renewed in all the life of God.

WANTED!

A YOUNG MAN as cook for Workingmen's Hotel. Must be a Salvationist. Apply Commandant H. H. BOOTH, Salvation Army Temple, or direct to 261 Victoria Street.

"Out of the Depths."

A RESCUE STORY.

BY EMMON A. COWAN.



Another was little Jessie to the evils and taste of liquor. Her parents always had it on the table at meal-time, and the children's cups were filled as well as those of their parents; and results of course followed.

Father and mother quarrelled terribly at times, and the children's bones were often sore as a consequence of the thrashings that were administered. Not always for their offences, but the gratification of the mother's cruel temper when she was under the influence of alcohol. At one time she

Flew at Jessie

with a large knife, and in protecting her face, she received a cut upon her hand, the marks of which are yet visible. Jessie's only refuge at such times was her father, when she truly loved, seeking him out where he was drinking, and come home with him in the evening, when she would be safe from further violence.

When ten years of age, she and her sister determined to leave her unhappy home, come to Canada, and do for themselves. But it was not so easy a task as she imagined when it came to doing well. Working

Out at a Farm,

at the age of sixteen, she was led astray by her employer's son; and, drifting into one of our large cities, her path was steadily on the steep incline. The old drink-crawling, that had him apparently deranged, was aroused in this great sorrow, and she drank deeply.

When released, after working a short time, she again got in with a lot of companions, herself the life of the party, she was again dragged down into vice and sin. Becoming tired of her life, she sought admission to the Rescue Home.

Her resolutions to do good were but short-lived, and one warm summer night saw Jessie and another girl starting away from the hearts that had loved them and were praying for their salvation, down into the depths again—wandering the streets by day, sleeping in an empty house at night. After two weeks' wandering, like the prodigal, she came to herself, and

Travel-stained and Footsore,

was slowly wending her way past the Rescue Home, when the Rescue Mother's eyes, that had so often sought the window and peered through the trees, were rewarded with the glimpse of a pink dress, a sharp rap at the door, and her heart beat fast as she went to see if it was the prodigal, but instead a tall policeman was standing there.

"I believe two of your girls, who have run away, are outside the fence. I cannot arrest them, but will make them come back if you wish."

"No, thank you, I want it to be of their own free will when they come back," she answered. And turning aside, the whispered words came up with the upward glance. "Father, they're ashamed, but make them give in and come home," and the next faint rap that came

Jessie's Sunburnt Face

appeared.

"Please will you forgive us and take us back?" were the tearful words that came.

"Of course, dear, if you're sorry and want to do right," she answered, and they were taken in.

Severe illness followed, but Jessie's heart was like rock. After a few months of suffering from exposure, she lay upon an hospital bed, while the kind doctors and nurses bent over her with anxious glances.

But a work had been begun in her soul, and in between the awful spasms of pain, she saw for the first time, her sins in all their enormity. Forgiven by all her gay companions,



Unused Forts and Poor Backsliders.

BY MAJOR J. BRAD.



ANY OF OUR readers have heard of that narrow neck of water leading into the St. John's, N.F., harbor called "The Narrows." On either side rise steep precipitous

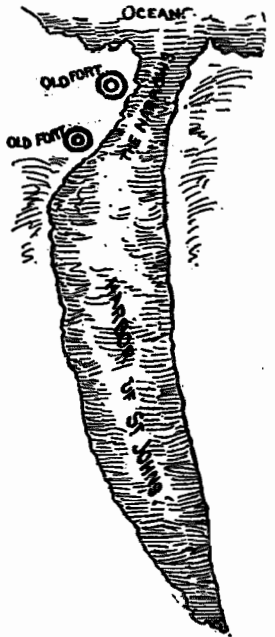
walls of weather-beaten rock. In one or two of the niches of these rocks are still to be found the remains of what were once strong fortresses. The small ramparts are still there. The rails on which the guns used to revolve are there, but in a rusty condition. So narrow is this piece of water that it would be a sorry day for the biggest man of war to ever attempt an entrance to this land-locked harbor, provided the fortifications were strong and good. But they are not. Cannons have been removed; soldiers have been withdrawn; rampart walls are tottering and decaying, and with ease could an enemy sail into the quiet harbor, open fire on and bombard the colony's capital, and causing bloodshed, devastation, ruin, and despair on every hand. A glance at the accompanying illustration will give readers a fair idea of what we mean. What a useless, powerless thing is an unfortified fortress! Such is the St. John's Narrows.

What about an unfortified soul! Such is the soul of the poor backslider. Once his heart was strong; once he had power to resist and repel the strongest temptation. Though an host conspired against him, he feared not, because his armor was bright and his weapons were strong. He was strong in the Lord and in the power of His might. Thus he conquered. We be to the enemy that dared defy him or rob his peace. Now all is changed. Literally he be thrust away His Saviour. The cannons of his soul have been removed; the ramparts have tottered; his soul is black with despair; temptations overcome him. He yields to every foe, and the ruin and devastation of his poor soul and life is complete. The devil's commandments has wrought terrible work; the city is spoiled, and on to hell he speeds, by his influence and by his unholiness, life, taking thousands of others with him. Poor backslider!

Now, what about the great army of backsliders? They throng the churches;

they fill our barracks; like shattered hulks they strew the shores of time; they hinder poor sinners from coming to the Cross; like waves of the sea they are driven, and tossed; hungry, starving, miserable, and destitute, they sit in the barracks, a veritable stumbling-block to those who desire to be saved.

While many of these so-called backsliders may have had very little salvation to go from, yet there are many who have literally turned their backs upon Jesus; the thorns they have again pushed into His precious brow; the spear have they thrust into His side; denial after denial has been hurled at His character; many times have they sorely wounded His feelings and tried His patience; base has been their conduct; they have thrust their best Friend from them; they have torn and lacerated His loving heart, again opened His wounds. The devil gloats over their defeat, laughs at their loss, pays them awful wages, allures them on, and ultimately damns them to all eternity. Let us make a raid upon poor backsliders.



EASTER "GRY"—ADDITIONAL.

Captain Miller, Fort Arthur	78
Captain Markle, Ferry Sound	55
Wm. Smith, Hamilton IL	40
Captain Roach, Campbellton	40
Candidate Mrs. Harridown, Ferry Sound	55
Sergeant Stickle, Liger Street	50
Sergeant Baird, Campbellton	50
Brother F. Smith, Campbellton	50
Captain Macneer, New Westminster	110
Captain Miller, Fort Arthur	70
Sergeant Armstrong, St. John IL	70
Leutnant Gooding, New Westminster	50
Mrs. Hoffman, Woodstock	50
Sergeant Mrs. Ewcock, Lippincott	50
Father Dixon, Toronto	50
Leutnant Tuttle, St. John IL	44
Leutnant Hill, Brockville	41
Leutnant Ryan, Woodstock	55
Sergeant Baird, Campbellton	50
Brother F. Smith, Campbellton	51
Sergeant Stickle, Liger Street	50
Odette Culbert, Liger Street	50
Sergeant Medlock, Liger Street	50
Sergeant Stickle, Liger Street	50
Sergeant Baird, Campbellton	50
Captain Markle, Ferry Sound	50
Captain Rutledge, Galt	50
Maria Watson, Petrolia	57
Leutnant Mitchell, Amherstburg	50
Sergeant Haynes, St. John IL	50
Ensign Mrs. Cass, Simcoe	50
Captain Oulter, Clinton	50
Ensign Howard, Petrolia	50
Grace Armour, Brockville	50
Leutnant Moulton, Galt	51
Captain Orchard, Fort	50



Captain Miller, Fort Arthur	74
Sister Burget, Pembroke	51
Mrs. Ewcock, Kingston	51
Captain Rutledge, Galt	45
Sister Robson, Moncton	48
Brother Boushey, Kingston	40
Leutnant Moulton, Galt	52
Ensign Oulter, Springhill	50
Captain Parsons, Brockville	50
Leutnant Hill, Brockville	50
Sister Fraser, Pembroke	50
Sister Hull, Galt	51
Sister Hume, Kingston	50

One night, coming out of a place where whisky was sold on the way, she encountered a policeman, and was arrested.

The next morning put in the dock for the first time in her life, and received her sentence of eighteen months imprisonment with mingled feelings of despair and rage.

"I often felt like killing myself," she says, speaking of that

Dreadful Prison Life.

On her release, she was handed by the Chief of Police, to the officers of a Rescue Home in the West, with the strict injunction, that if unmanageable, she was to be handed back immediately to him.

At first she was quiet, but the old ungovernable temper broke out, and as she passed out of the door, the Captain heard her exclaim:

"I don't care what becomes of me now; or if I go to hell or not."

Another term of imprisonment followed, and the devil seemed to take full possession of her.

There never was a quarrel or fight, but I was in the midst of it; I didn't care what became of me," she said. Each

Term of Punishment

seemed to make her more wild and reckless.

facing death alone, she lay in awful agony of mind and body. "The goodness of God lendeth them to repentance," seemed to be accomplished in her case. One day she

Pain had Abated

a little, and she began to thank God, and ask Him to forgive all her sins and take her blighted life to be His. A few days after, her faith laid claim to His promises and she passed from death unto life.

It has been a gradual change in Jessie's life since, and slowly she is getting victory over besetting sins.

The first chance she got she was off to knee-drill to give God the glory for her salvation.

"I want to put on the uniform to show everybody I am on God's side," she says.

She is taking up the cross bravely, testifying in the open air. One night recently, while singing—

"Come to Jesus,
Worship sinners, hear the call,"

an old companion stepped up and said, "I could not believe it when I heard about you. You don't know how much it has helped me, to see you start."

May God grant she will endure to the end.



PROMOTED

SUN AFTER RAIN.

From This Life to the Realms Above.

BELLEVILLE.—Private Mrs. CLEMENT, aged twenty-four, a faithful comrade, has been called from our ranks here below to join the angels in heaven. She died at 2 a.m. Monday, March 26th.

Our comrade, Mrs. Clement, was a faithful soldier for several years in Canislon corps, and since that corps closed she has

Wielded the Sword

faithfully in Belleville.

During her short illness Christ was her portion. Just before passing away her husband said,

"Are you well in your soul?" She answered with a heavenly smile. "Yes, yes, yes," and then passed from this life to the realms above.

"Light after darkness, sun after rain,
Light after misery, peace after pain;
Joy after sorrow, calm after blast,
Rest after wandering, sweet rest at last."

On Wednesday following we gave her a real Army funeral. We had an impressive service at the house, led by Adjutant Manton, when he spoke of the necessity of being ready for death. We marched from the house to the Canislon cemetery, a distance of three miles. Forty-three soldiers on the march, besides Christian friends and relatives. Adjutant Manton gave a song out

At the Graveside.

"The blast of the trumpet, so loud and shrill,
Will shortly re-echo o'er ocean and hill."

Afterwards he warned the people not to neglect salvation, but to seek forgiveness and prepare for death. Many wept and drank in the words; and many, we believe, through her death shall be brought to life.

ERIKSON WISEMAN.

THE

Army Colors Above the Coffin.

HER BONNET AND BIBLE ON EARTH,
WITH THE CROWN OF GLORY
IN HEAVEN.

The Baby on Her Arm.

PETERBORO.—SERGEANT MRS. ARNOLD.—Death has visited our ranks at Peterboro, taking away Sergeant Mrs. Arnold, and her little babe—wife and child of Bandmaster Arnold.

Among the large number of soldiers in the 112th corps, Mrs. Arnold was one of the noblest.

A Loyal Salvationist.

She was converted at Halifax, Nova Scotia, on the 16th of September, 1885, under Staff-Captain N. Banker. She fought as a soldier for some time, being Wagon Cdr. Sergeant, and also helping to work some of the villages around. Her life was one of cheerfulness and blessing.

Hearing God's voice calling her for the field, she obeyed, and on the 27th of August, 1896, went to her first corps, Farnboro, as CADDY.

Soon after this, she received orders to leave and go to Toronto. There was a number went West at this time, so meetings were held on the way up; so places they had a terrible fight, once being

Nearly Killed.

After attending some meetings, led by Commissioner Coombs, at which she received great blessing, she went with Captain Fielder to Bowmanville.

From here to Georgetown, as the first Salvation Army officer.

The comrades in these places will not forget her life, how she toiled for the Kingdom.

After this, she went through the French Training Home, and fought for some time

Among the French

in Quebec and Montreal.

Her next appointments were: Farnborough, Brookville, Winchester, Pembroke, Morrisburg, Fort, Sherbrooke, Point St.



Charles, and then back to Sherbrooke. At some of these places she had

A Real Fight.

one being at Point St. Charles, on Sunday afternoon, March 15th, 1899; but God helped her to stand and warn the people.

While stationed at Sherbrooke the second time, she was married to Frank Arnold. This caused her to withdraw from active field service, but it did not slacken her zeal for God and souls, or her love for the Army.

Soon after, they moved to Peterboro, where both have fought as soldiers ever since. Very often she has been heard to say:

"I have no use for people who have worked in the Army as officers, when they withdraw, to try and

Do Harm,

for I believe if a person keeps right in their soul, they will not talk like that; I believe the wrong must be in themselves, and not in others."

There are her words. As a soldier she was loyal in every respect. While visiting her home about a year ago, she led her sister to Christ, who has been a Salvationist ever since.

One of her favorite songs was,

"Love of love so wonderful," another, "Stand to arms."

Many hearts have been touched through her singing, and led to Christ.

Death came very suddenly. None of us expected it till the very last. I visited her a few hours before she passed away, and although in terrible pain there was

Not A Single Doubt.

She lay there ready for the Master to come, if it was His will. Then a short time before going she said to her husband,

"Frank, be a soldier as long as you live, and bring the two little girls up for God in the Army."

She also desired that her sister should become a soldier and look after them.

She died a real Army soldier, so we gave her a real Army funeral. Arrangements were made, and we met at the home for a short service, then formed a procession. First the advance guard, then the colors, band, and the coffin on an open shield covered with red, the Army colors over the coffin; then the bearers on foot (six ladies) with white sashes; then the mourners and a long line of soldiers bringing up the rear, each wearing a sash.

We marched to the barracks for a short service. About six hundred people attended. The coffin was placed in front of the platform, her bonnet and Bible lying on top. The service was very impressive. Several comrades sang and spoke of our comrade's devotion, and warned the unconverted among them being Mrs. Eusebia Mitchell. About three hundred stood up at the close of the service and

Sang with Tears

running down their cheeks,

"See from His head, His hands, His feet," giving themselves afresh to God.

I shall never forget this sight—our comrade, Sergeant Mrs. Arnold, in the coffin, with her uniform, and her little babe lying on her arm, both cold in death, and this crowd of people standing up before God.

Let us be true to our vows, comrades.

Then we formed in procession again as before, and marched to the cemetery. The streets were lined with people, and I believe the life of our comrade preached a wonderful sermon as we marched along.

She was a kind wife, and a good mother. You could visit her home at any time; she was the same with her children as on the platform; her life and home would bear inspection. This brought a triumphant death and a glorious finish.

At the memorial service on Sunday night, her sister was the first to kneel at the Cross and ask God for pardon. Five others followed. Oh, what a time of rejoicing! The death of Sergeant Mrs. Arnold has already proved a great blessing. May God bless Bandmaster Arnold and the two little ones, and help us to live right, then we shall meet above.

ERIKSON COOMBS, D. O.

"I've Run on Too Long."

BY DEVA SINGHA (HUNTER.)

We had got well up clear of the Grecian Isles into clear water. It was Sunday night; a calm, beautiful night, one of these rare nights when darkness creeps quietly down; the stars are out clear, bright, and twinkling before one is really aware that another day has slipped into eternity.

I lingered longer on deck than usual, when eight bells rung out on the bridge reminding me that it was time to turn in.

Quite a change now, I thought, as I was called at midnight. She was rolling heavily; an occasional thud on deck told me that she was

Shipping Seas.

Cautiously opening the cabin door, I watched my chance for a dry passage to the lee of the engine room casing. Before descending, I looked around at the weather overhead. Black clouds were being driven across the sky, while the sea was almost white. The increasing gale caught the top of the waves, carried them off, and scattered them over the ship in large drops, like tropical rain.

On relieving the watch, I was told to keep a sharp lookout, as we were in for a proper blow before morning.

From twelve to one the gale increased, when the order came below, "Get ready; we are going to 'heave to.'" (Put the ship's head on to the wind.) The telegraph rang out. I gave her all she could stand. She

Quivered from stem to Stern as the propellers left the water. I felt her pitch; then she rolled heavily to starboard. I clung harder to the lavore as she heeled over to port; then I knew the attempt had been unsuccessful. Clang went the telegraph again: "Slow."

I waited a few minutes before making for the engine-room door to have a look at the weather. The captain was there before me, holding on, watching the sailors trying to take in the remains of a typhoon.

"Won't she come round, sir?" I asked.

"No, I've run on too long." Out of the storm the captain's head came home to you, sinister—drifting, helpless, tossed, and buffeted by each wave of passion that surges over your eye. The sins that you made light of a few years ago have now become your master. You were warned, advised, pleaded with, but no—"time enough." At last you try, and find you have run on too long; you rise

To Breathe the Tempest

of your own creation; then you find, like the captain who was advised early in the night to "heave to," that the winds only mock your efforts and re-echo the despairing wail.

"No hope; I've run on too long." Then the numbness of despair creeps over your half-damned soul.

But, was there no hope? Yes, one; a very slender one—DAYBREAK.

At the rate we were being driven by the gale, a few hours after daybreak would bring us to land—and then —!

The gale increased, the wind whistled through the rigging; blocks, spars and derricks creaked and groaned, the rags of the trysail did their best to increase the noise as they folded and unfolded with a loud cracking, resembling the sound given by a hundred teamsters' whips. It was

A Terrible Race—

time against the elements, with twenty-five unweaned immortal souls at stake.

One hour passed. Another; all eyes were bent to the Eastward, our hope by there, would day never come! A faint streak, our hopes rose, it broadened out, and as it grew broader a perceptible lull in the wind followed.

All sail set for another attempt.

Would She come Round?

Again the telegraph rang out, everybody stood at their post. It seemed ages as we in the engine-room, as we clung to the rails and lavore. Would she come round? was the question. She stopped rolling so heavily, her movement became easier, then I knew we were saved.

My brother, your only hope is in Him who calmed the Galilean storm. The disciples felt themselves lost, at the mercy of the winds and waves. "Lord help us, we perish!" They turned to Him as naturally as we turned to the East that morning. Their hope was in Him. Thank God there's hope for

Every Storm-Tossed Soul.

He says, "Are you comfortless? I will be comfort to you. Are you weak? I will be your strength. Are you sorrowful? I will be your joy. Are you despairing and hopeless? I will be your hope." Claim that as yours. It may seem a long distance off. Get your eyes fixed on Him who is our hope. That faint light on the horizon is increasing. Never mind if the roar of the billows rises in your ears. You've turned your back on the doom that waited you. Your eyes are turned heavenward, the light increases. So does your faith. Your strength comes back, you feel yourself a man again. Despair, gloom, doubts and sorrow are flying before the increasing light.

Like the Apostles, you begin to wonder what manner of a Christ is this, who in one word can do what you've been trying to do for years—

Calms the Storm,

brings joy and peace, and is serving you to fight on from victory unto victory, not

"Declaring the irrevocable pact As wholly wasted; wholly vain If, rising on its wrecks, as it pass, To something nobler we attain."

Captain A. Wightman's Testimony.

"Five years ago this month, God saved me. These five years have been years of joy, peace, rest, and victory. Jesus and His will and His favor were never more dear. As I write this I heartily agree with you, just to know that I am in God's will, that I have His smile of approval, His favor. I am in for being His 'in sunshine or darkness.'"

THAT hard times evidently have most wonderfully decreased the volume of the liquor traffic, when 1,000 saloon keepers have gone out of business during the past month by reason of financial depression in the United States.

THE rottenness of society in San Francisco, and its disregard for the sanctity of the marriage tie, is evidenced by the fact that the "City of the Golden Gate," has the greatest proportion of divorces to marriages of any city in the world. For every 10,000 marriages, there are 2,233 divorces.

OUR FAMILY ALTAR



Consecration and Holiness.

Present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service.—ROMANS XII. 1.

Bring ye all the tithes into the storehouse, that there may be meat in Mine house, and prove Me now herewith, saith the Lord of Hosts, if I will not open you the windows of heaven, and pour you out a blessing, that there shall not be room enough to receive it. MALACHI III. 10.

But My servant, Caleb, because he had another spirit with him, and hath followed Me fully, him will I bring into the land whither I went; and his seed shall possess it.—NUMBERS XIV. 24.

Follow peace with all men, and holiness without which no man shall see the Lord.—HEBREWS XII. 14.

The Christian is not ruined by living in the world, but by the world living in him. Character comes from walking with God, not with doctrines nor theories.—MARGARET BETHUNE.

He who bids us leave the gift on the altar, and be reconciled to our brother, would have us go back and be reconciled to any duty with which we may have quarreled.

Not your fortune, your poem, your book; but yourself God wants.—WENDALL PHILLIPS.

The way of holiness is wonderful, but it is not mysterious. Those in it, walk by simple faith alone. And perhaps there is nothing more remarkable nor wonderful in it, than that a result so great should be produced by a principle so simple.—FENELON.

The great secret of advancement to those high degrees of spiritual life which are attainable, is a strict, unwavering, faithful co-operation with God's will moment by moment.

THE MISSION OF CHRIST.

To Destroy Sin.

BY MAQUINISTA.

(Continued.)

St. Paul says, "Shall we continue in sin that grace may abound?" and answers, "GOD FORBID."

How shall we who are dead to sin live any longer therein? Every effort has a cause, and the cause of misery, discontent, restlessness, aimlessness, etc., is godlessness. If we are godless we are not sinless, for the world is positively filled with the two mighty influences; though mysterious and unseen except by their works, they are distinctly felt; others may call them what they please, I call them

God and Satan,

and if we are not controlled by one we are by the other. If we are not walking in the light it is because we are blinded by the God of this world.

Just as long as Satan can fool people by telling them they must sin continually, his business of damning souls will be very prosperous.

Christ says, "Come unto Me all ye that are heavy laden and I will give you rest."

You who find the burden of life heavy, the fighting too severe, you want to live right; you struggle to live right, but cannot keep God's laws.

You who find a law in your members that prevents you from doing the good you want to do, and compel you to do the evil you do not want to do, you are continually in a state of conviction, being convicted of wrong, and no having the power to do right.

You cannot help this, for Satan is

stronger than you, and is exceedingly cunning. It is this

Liar and Deceiver

that causes all the unrest in our souls; but though we cannot contend with him, Christ can.

For this purpose was He manifested to destroy the works of Satan. Where? Out of the human heart; and He gives us rest by removing the cause of unrest—sin.

He performs a miracle by thoroughly cleansing the heart and entirely changing the nature, and we do not sin because the cause—Satan—has been removed; all sin has been completely rooted out, and something else has taken place.

We have become the temple of the living God; where once sin reigned, the dove of peace now nestles, the Spirit of Love, the Spirit of Christ; the old things have passed away, all things become new, and we are new creatures in Christ Jesus. Result,

Rest, Peace and Joy.

Unless this change takes place it is simply impossible to enjoy rest and peace, for if we sin daily we must be in a state of unrest daily, the effect following the cause, and we do not know Christ, for St. John says, "Whosoever sinneth hath not seen Him neither known Him."

For myself I cannot understand how I can be saved if I continue in sin. The Bible teaches that I must turn away from sin and do that which is lawful and right, and I shall save my soul alive.

If we are dead to sin we are alive to righteousness; our old man is crucified with Christ; the great "I" has disappeared, and it is no longer "I," but Christ; we have obeyed the call; we have been to the great Teacher, and we have learned of Him to be

Meek and Lowly

in heart, and we have found rest to our souls; Jesus has come into our lives and controls us. We are nothing, consequently we cannot be hurt.

We do everything to the glory of God, and if we are attacked, or reviled, it does not affect us, and it is Christ who bears for us, and He never retaliates except with love. Nothing ever disturbed the calm tranquility of His life.

ODDMENTS.

THE devil carries no keys, for men are his porters.

MONEY, without the grace of God, is a curse—an awful curse.

If thou seest one in distress ask not who he is, aid him—even if he is an enemy.

If a man has the grace of God in him, and plenty of grit, he can do anything—overcome every obstacle.

No man can lead until he has learned to follow, and no man can command until he has learned to obey.

"FIRST, be sure it is God's work; second, be sure it is your work; third, be sure it is God's way; fourth be sure it is God's time. These things being settled, there need not be any indecision about your call."—REV. DR. PIERSON.

When Christians are full of the Spirit you cannot keep them from singing, and when they are not filled with the Spirit they cannot be made to sing.

It was a mortifying mistake when Abraham Walker, a Y.M.C.A. delegate was arrested, handcuffed, and jailed at Atlanta, for winking at a well-known society lady; but the police discovered they had the wrong man.

THE ups and downs of a worldly life were exemplified in a striking manner, when Mrs. Sarah Newton Blanchard, a former Washington society belle, was buried in Danbury, Connecticut, March 22nd, at the expense of the town.

"HOWE BEH" CHRISTIANS will have to look to their laurels, when they see what converted heathen are doing: The Chinese Y.M.C.A. in San Francisco, has recently sent \$42,000 to Canton as a contribution for the evangelization of their countrymen.

A PHILOLOGIST once said: "Prepare to meet God at least a day before you die." "But," said his friend, "I do not know when that day may come." "Then," said the sage, "Prepare now, lest to-morrow be your last."

"I DON'T" believe, because a man has made money, he is necessarily a successful man. Many wealthy men are absolute failures; but if a man uses the facilities the Almighty has given him in the way the Almighty intended, he will be a successful man."—REV. MR. PATTERSON, Toronto.



A Terrible Death-Bed Scene.

"Pale as a ghost sitting on a cloud" lay that young man. What was it that "wrapt the hour of gloom in tenfold woe," and made death what Aristotle called it, "the terrible of terrible?" It was his repeated acts of rebellion against the Holy Spirit. With his soul upon his trembling lips, he confessed it, "while grief beyond description grieved" around that dying bed; for his weeping friends were there, and an aged father, and the young lad, to whom he was betrothed. But hear his sad confession:

"In early days the Spirit strove To guide my feet to heaven; I heard the gentle whispers then, 'Repent and be forgiven.' And yet, I grieved that Monitor away—He pled in vain, And 'twere a boon I dare not crave To hear His voice again!

Say not the star of Bethlehem Shall glitter o'er the tomb! On me his beams may never fall, To gild my pathway home. The lamps of the dying woman Are piercing now my soul; I see the caverns of despair, I hear the billows roll.

And now, farewell! I discovered In the last terrible tie; Swift rebellion to the bar Of injured Majesty I fly! And ere the herald of my exit Chimes its solemn knell, Ye are weeping o'er the dust Of one who lives a fiend in hell.

The veil is drawn: eternal truth Is to my soul revealed, And by Jehovah's fiat sure I know my doom is sealed."

—From Revival Sermons by Coughley.

TIME is eternity in embryo; eternity is time in extreme.

DISCOURAGEMENT.

BY W. J. PAYNE.

Who is it that has not at sometime or other been faced by the harmless-looking, yet very subtle and injurious foe of discouragement, who so often steals in on the unwary soul?

It comes to us whether we live in

The Mansion or the Cot.

Though it appears innocent looking, it is the wolf in "sheep's clothing," bent on plunder.

Has not discouragement overcome many in the past, when perhaps they were on the very eve of scoring their greatest victory, but through yielding they fell through and lost the battle, when, if they had only held on in this darkest moment, light would have broke in triumph?

Can we not see its

Ruins and Wreckage

on every hand? It may not be so swift in killing as other evils, or so blighting as the liquor, but its poison is just as injurious to the soul, for it leaves many a blood-ransomed one to moan in bitterness under its iron heel. Has it not weakened and put out the light of many who bid fair to be mighty men? Does it not blind many to the will of God by putting out their spiritual eyes, depriving them of spiritual discernment to choose what is good? But alas! how disappointing and sad to see those we expected better from, Samson-like

In the Dungeon Cell

of some uncircumcised Philistine, grinding out a very sorrowful existence.

Discouragement breeds discontent, which often leads up to the commission of either sins. It is a foe that is not so much dreaded as others, therefore more readily creeps into the heart when light and life has to give place to darkness and spiritual death.

Spiritual death then dethrones peace, while it reigns

Shrouded in Gloom.

This robe all who are victimized by it of the wealth and strength of the grace of God, and leaves them in poverty to die within the reach of plenty.

No matter what source this apparent friend (but nothing the less a rank foe with its assumed garb of politeness) hails from, though it may be wrapped in all the colors of the rainbow, and though it appears to sing the sweetest among the nightingale songsters, don't be attracted by it, for the devil is in the business hide underneath, only to fascinate and then strangle.

It is said of

A Certain Kind of Snake

that it can throw out sufficient enchantment in a sort of musical sound so as to charm a bird some distance off, until finally the bird begins to come towards the snake. Allured by the sound it draws nearer, then when the snake sees the bird is near enough it allows it right off.

Look out for those worldly pleasures and amusements, for they have their charm. Discouragement will send you to them for satisfaction; but be assured there is

"Death in the Pot."

Therefore, beware of giving place to discouragement.

Give no place to discouragement; shun it as you would the most subtle serpent, you saw lurking in the pathway of life, waiting until you came within its reach to infuse

The Venomous Fange,

leaving its deadly poison behind; it only remains for you then to suffer and reap sorrow in proportion to injuries inflicted.

The prowling monster, discouragement, is around with other devils tapping at every door and window; but woe to him that openeth the door, for it will mean a bitter experience.

Sometimes it is a soldier which allows himself or herself to get discouraged on difficulties arising from the unconverted of the home, or those whom they work with at their daily occupations.

Oh, how dreadful when it comes to a leader of the people to sink beneath the billows of discouragement, leaving the flock to

The Mercy of the Wolf.

Difficulties and the non-properity of that which we undertake to do are the creators of much of the existing discouragement of to-day. Providing your calling is an honest one, God has said, "MY GRACE IS SUFFICIENT FOR THEE."



We're Fighting.

BY MARIA SIMPSON.

TUNE—Stand up, stand up for Jesus.

- 1 We are fighting for our Saviour,
King Jesus, up on high,
All out-and-out for Jesus,
For Him to live and die;
We won't be lukewarm cowards,
But all be true and brave,
And follow our Redeemer,
Who came the world to save.

CHORUS.

Stand up, stand up for Jesus.

Our strength is all in Jesus,
We have none of our own,
His power, His love is mighty,
We count on Him alone;
On Jesus Christ relying
We boldly meet the foe,
His grace is all sufficient—
This to our joy we know.

The lost are all around us,
The lost He came to save,
Oh, rise and sweep the country
In our salvation wave;
St. John, Quebec, Vancouver,
Cities both far and nigh,
Soldiers, go in and conquer—
Conquer for Christ or die.

A Yielded Life.

BY M. MARRIOTT.

TUNE—Come in, my Lord, come in.

- 2 What is a yielded life?
The one at God's command,
For Him to mould, to form, to use—
Resistless in His hand.

CHORUS.

Come in, my Lord, come in
And make my heart Thy home;
Come in and cleanse my soul from sin,
And dwell with me alone.

What is a yielded life?
A life whose only will
When into blest subjection brought
Seeks just His love to tell.

My Choice.

BY A. GRIFFITHS, J. R. SECRETARY.

TUNE—In the gloaming.

- 3 Saviour, at Thy Cross I'm kneeling,
Listening just to hear Thy voice;
Now to me Thy will revealing,
Calvary's pathway is my choice.
'Tis when tramping in Thy footsteps,
Sweetest, deepest peace is mine;
'Tis when in the darkest hour
Thou dost make Thy grace to shine.

CHORUS.

I do love Thee, Saviour,
Keep me true for ever;
Sunshine or in darkness
Help me still to follow Thee.

When I think of all Thy anguish
When in dark Gethsemane;
Crushed beneath a weight of sorrow
For a sinner such as me.
How can I withhold from Thee, Lord,
What was bought at such a price?
Take my body, soul, and spirit,
'Tis but a small sacrifice.

When by faith I go to Calvary,
See Thy meek flesh all torn;
When I see the blood-drops falling
From the nails, the spear, the thorn,
In my heart there comes a yearning
For my Lord whose cross to bear;
Out of love, Lord, not of duty,
I would in Thy sufferings share.

Looking to Thee.

BY A. ROWAN.

TUNE—Whither then thou.

- 4 Looking to Thee 'midst the storm and the strife,
Looking to Thee in the battle of life;
Thou' waves fiercely threaten, and dangers appal,
While looking to Thee I shall triumph through all.

CHORUS.

Looking to Thee, Jesus, looking to Thee;
I am safe 'midst the storm,
Whilst looking to Thee.

Looking to Thee to be kept pure and clean,
Looking to Thee when temptations are keen;
When darkness surrounds, and the way seems hidden in,
I can walk then by faith where my Saviour has been.

Looking to Thee when the billows rise high,
Looking to Thee when no helper is nigh;
Through faith I shall conquer, His will shall be done,
And my prayer shall be daily, "Let Thy Kingdom come."

His Out-Stretched Hands.

BY MRS. CAPTAIN WALKER.

TUNE—In the Cross, in the Cross, I will glory ever.

- 5 Come, poor sinner, come just now,
Jesus waits to save you;
If you at His footstool bow,
He from guilt will free you.

CHORUS.

Come just now, come just now,
While He waits to free you;
He is calling now for thee,
He from sin will save you.

See His hands outstretched to thee,
Why do you reject Him?
And His love He gives us free,
Why not now accept Him?

Sinner, come before too late,
Mercy's still extended;
Come while open stands the gate,
Ere days of grace are ended.

Musical Troupe on the Wing.

AURORA, our first stopping place, looked rather dismal on our arrival, owing to rain, but we did our best to keep our strength of God and left the result with Him.

STROUD, next day. Found Captain Barr at the train to meet us. After dinner we went out, played a tune, and announced our meeting. At night the people came from all parts and filled the hall, and when we told our reason for coming they gave us freely of their money and sympathy. AND ONE YOUNG MAN, a son of a soldier, GOT WELL SAVED.

Brother Wise drove us on to BARRIE next day, where Brigadier de Barrill led on for the week-end. FOUR SOULS professed to start for the Kingdom. On Tuesday and night meetings good. Monday night Brigadier had gone, so we were left to our own resources, but the Lord came to our help in a wonderful manner. Hall was full, and the people much interested.

On to ORILLA, Tuesday morning, and what a time we've had! Hall packed to the door each night, and a nice crowd to business meeting each afternoon. Sister Howarth joined us here. Captain Stelf got a rig and drove us to the station to meet her, and we played our hearts on the way, which helped to advertise our meetings. On Tuesday we held an open-air at noon, and the people showed their love for the Salvation Army in a very practical way. When we asked for the collection they fired silver from all directions, until we counted over the rack. One very short time, five quarters among the rack. One man who was very much interested, and who threw fifty cents on the drum, proved upon enquiry to be a bookbinder from Peterboro. Captain Ross and Bryan sold thirty-seven CENTS on the street, one afternoon, here. We felt that our time for leaving came all too soon. Altogether, FIVE SOULS came to the fountain.

Arrived at COLDWATER, of which you shall hear later.—MRS. ELSIE PHILLIPS.

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DISCOURAGEMENT, by Captain Payne.
FRIDAY NIGHT.
SAVED FARMER'S KALEIDOSCOPE.
A CANADIAN IN LONDON.
THEY FOLLOW THE DRUM. Words and Music by Staff-Captain Marshall.

An Easter Gift from the Lord.

Mrs. Booth-Tucker has another little daughter. Canada congratulates Commissioner and Mrs. Booth-Tucker.



TORONTO, APRIL 21, 1894.

OFFICE OF THE WAR CRY,
Thursday, April 12, 1894.

VICTORY!

"Ever is the war cry, victory! victory!
Ever is the war cry, victory:
Write it on your character,
Get it on your knees,
Victory! victory! victory!!!"

Victory! Our battle cry is "write large" on almost every despatch that comes to hand from the vast Canadian battlefield. Every corner of the territory seems to be in the very midst of successful battle. Soul-saving is the subject of the hour. Like true Salvationists, our forces forget every consideration but the one all-absorbing question of winning souls.

"All hail the power of Jesus' name!"

To Him be the glory; first at the Throne, and then in the trenches. So will the ark of God ever be found in the van of this glorious war.

TO EACH HIS WORK.

I once heard Mrs. General Booth say, "Salvationists are not made, they are born," and certainly if these hundreds of soldiers are truly born of the Spirit, that Spirit will fill them with a yearning to rescue every other lost sinner of Adam's race. To those officers who have the joy of seeing these souls brought in, belongs also, in most cases, the great responsibility of making opportunities for them to work. Let every person responsible to plan his work and work his plan that every remaining rebel within the sphere of his influence shall be definitely, wisely, and persistently attacked on the eternally important matter of his soul's interests. May God give all our precious comrades at the helm wisdom to find every soldier and convert the particular work God the Holy Ghost expects each particular person to do.

"PRAY YE, THEREFORE."

But there is a matter of equally vital importance which should receive a first place in the intercession of the saints. "The harvest truly is great, but the laborers are few; pray ye, therefore, the Lord of the harvest that He would send

forth laborers into His harvest. (LUKE x. 2.) So spoke our Lord and Master. The present moment is unique in the history of the world for the greatness of the harvest and the opportunity for reaping. There was a saint who marked the map of the world black where Christ was not preached, and daily prayed with that map before him, and without doubt it is in answer to the interceding of the Holy Ghost in such as he we owe the marvellous chances of to-day, but the urgent of urgent needs is the LABORER. Who will go? It is the duty of all to offer the prayer for laborers; the Holy Ghost will speedily make clear His will to those He chooses for the high and holy calling. Oh, fellow-soldier,

"Sit no longer idly by
While the heedless millions die;
Lift the blood-stained banner high,
And take the field for Jesus."

"FIRST THE KINGDOM."

There is another aspect to this matter not to be overlooked. Prayer has already been offered, and in many a heart in this Dominion, God's urging is distinctly felt; but, as a writer to the CRY in this issue complains, His urgings are being stifled, and Himself grieved by contact with a rebellion will. Comrade, insult that Heavenly Visitant no longer. Many have done so at an awful cost. "Grieve not the Spirit," "Whatever He saith unto thee, do it;" and during the few ticks of the clock of Time, which are yet left us ere the great Eternity hurries us for ever from the field of labor, let us obediently and gladly commit ourselves to the leading of the Holy Ghost, and thus prove our sonship. Remembering the words of our Lord: "Not everyone that saith unto Me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the Kingdom of Heaven; but HE THAT DOETH THE WILL OF MY FATHER WHICH IS IN HEAVEN." (Matthew vi. 21.)

YORKVILLE'S 10th ANNIVERSARY

— HAS —

Splendid Attendances and Excellent Collections.

Captain Gerritt, and those assisting him, did marvels in the advertising line previous to their big go. The barracks' front was so utilized that it presented the appearance of a huge patchwork quilt.

The Saturday night meeting was conducted by Brigadier de Barrill. On Sunday, Staff-Captain Stroum, the Headquarters' officers, and Major Compain, had the fort.

Immense enthusiasm was manifested and a total of \$24.00 received for the birthday offerings.

Design McMillan and Captain Morris were to be driven, with banjo solos.

A few days testimony on Sunday — FATHER HAYFIELD said that ten years ago he entered the Army. He sang a song composed for the occasion, which went with a swing.

FATHER FLORENCE sang a tambourine solo, and kept things pretty lively.

FATHER DEXON, W.A. C. C. seller, said he thanked God that he was saved from a drunkard's grave. In twelve months six of his old companions had been buried in drunkards' graves, and he thanked God that the Salvation Army, through God, had rescued him from such a fate.

MONDAY MEETINGS.

The banquet was one of the best at Yorkville. Yorkville soldiers and friends hope that Mrs. Booth and Major Compain will pay them another visit before long.

THE crosses which we make for ourselves by our restless anxiety for the future are not crosses that come from God.

BRIGADIER SCOTT.

Brigadier and Mrs. Scott Do Three Days' Campaigning at Peterboro'.

On Sunday the comrades turned out well. The marches were the largest for some years. From hand to the front. The meetings were good, but no one would yield.

Friday, Saturday and Sunday, our anniversary meetings. All day Sunday we had a critical meet; it was good to be there. God going to give us still greater victories. We are crowds; good interest in the meetings; the best of all, **SOULS ARE GETTING SAVED**.—LENNIE GAUTHIER, Special Correspondent.

"A Night in the Ark at Buffalo"

to do, and I am in for victory through the name of Jesus Christ, Who died for--ROMANS 8:37

THE GIST OF THE WORLD'S "CRY."

Taking up the *Darkest England Gazette* by way of a change, we find its printings tinted pages as usual

all a thrill with human life and interest, being pitiful almost past reading with stories of the sorrows and miseries of the submerged classes.

In "The Horrors of War" the artist outlines the stricken horseman on the battlefield falling—shot to the death—from his prancing charger, whilst in a little vision he sees his widowed wife and children weeping at home. "A West-End Food Doctor" gives a typical scene at the Shelter door.

is striding past an open saloon, where gambling, drinking, and devilry reigns uncontrolled. "Thug the Salvationist to jail, and shut your eyes while passing the gambling den." "A distinction that is too often made" (but not in Canada, nowadays, at any rate) in New England.

"The Army soldiers have been mobbed, stoned, beaten, cut with knives, and shot with revolvers, and when these things failed to stop us, the authorities in certain places arrested our people and cast them into prison. But this also failed."

Mrs. BAILLINGTON'S DOOTH'S meetings in NEW YORK STATE, are fully reported, also quoting the daily papers. (See writes:



On entering by a side door, I found the Captain on his knees—engaged in prayer this time, but scrubbing the kitchen floor. The Salvation Army is truly a marvelous institution. Where else can be found men of talent and attainment—who are so utterly self-forgetful, so consecrated to the interest of their calling, and so unassuming of themselves as to clothe the most menial occupations with dignity. A Shelter or Food Depot officer must be:

A MAN OF PARTS:

he must be able to scrub a floor, address a meeting, direct the business interests of his establishment—and these are often considerable—and deal with the bodily needs and spiritual difficulties of the poor men who come to him for help. This arrangement prevents all the jarring which arises when civil-life dividing lines are drawn round the superior and inferior working in the same concern.

"THE CHILDREN OF THE SLUMS." Thank God, the children are always kept well to the front in the *Darkest England Gazette*, whether at the popular farthing breakfasts or elsewhere.

"WHAT CAN I DO?" is a column of facts on items which one would think must stir anyone on with rolled-up sleeves to more aggressive warfare against the power of hell.

"THE WEEK," and "NOTES FROM THE RESCUE HEADQUARTERS," are full of reports of solid progress at the work of undermining the foundation of evil even though it may be underground in the darkness of apparently hopeless night.

"THE SPIRITUAL SIDE OF SHELTER WORK" is a most important subject.

"Spirituality," some may say, "what has that to do with the lifting up of the submerged?" Much every way, we would answer such ignorant queries, for, ignorant of the men and life concerns they must be who would question so. It is impossible to permanently lift a man without his own co-operation; and that latter is impossible, since it requires an effort, by men who have lost hope and interest in life.

"THE WOMEN'S SHELTERS," in two capitals, i. e., London and Edinburgh, bring us right back to our own doors, and the nice little new covey well-patronized "Working Women's Home in Toronto."

The face of the American War Cry strikes us strangely here, in our justice-loving Canada, where the police authorities are ever on our side to protect and uphold us.

The subject treated, in the "INQUETORIAL TRAMMEL IN NEW ENGLAND." The article tells of Salvationists repeatedly arrested and persecuted on Puritan soil. "Shall it continue?" Our comrades query. A review of recent events is taken, and a quotation from the *Lovell Ark* reads as follows: "These be thy gods, O Israel." The New-baptized Joe, the Turk, with abuse, but had not a word in reprehension of the holiness of brute force, and bulldog savagery, and physical coercion in the person of the "sluggers" and "bruiers" of the prison. Poor Joe would fain have made his fellow-courtesy more gentle and peaceable; but the passions pugilist lives and flourishes by promoting the angry passions that debase man to the level of the beasts that perish.

The frontispiece illustration dwells on this fact, representing two ferocious policemen clanking poor Joe, and shaking his red-headed bat from his head, whilst in contrast, the same policemen, with meek and mild demeanor, with closed eyes, and averted head,



"Mrs. Baillington Booth addressed another immense crowd last night. Every seat was taken, all the available extra chairs were pressed into service, and even then there were people perched on the balcony railings, sitting on the steps, and standing in the aisles."

Another scene it up in the following paragraph:

"Even the gallery was crowded, and in the aisles a vast number of people were standing who had arrived too late to secure seats. Up to the front, forming a semi-circle around the platform, the local officers and members were seated, all clad in full dress uniform."

Amongst a good deal more to the same effect, Mrs. Booth said:

"If you think our work is unnecessary, go and view some of the slums of this country yourself, where 222,000 women are living lives of outcasts. What do these people need? Some say charity, education, work, money; and others say that the slums should be wiped out altogether. But, no! they need something more. They long for what comes from the heart. They need SYMPATHY."

"CY AN' ME," this week includes the following nice little verse:

"He just what you mean too be,
On the land an' on the sea,
On the people's hand we see
What you're doin'.

Don't go a-sayin' what you hain't
Shame don't cover up with paint.
Folks will know if you're misin'
Without your're knowin'."

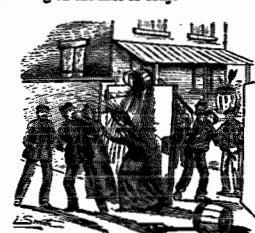
THE TET TALKING THROUGH THEIR DATE?



WALKER—"Dear Smith: What's to prevent me climbing to the top of the Bismarck in my Cry?"

SMITH—"Well, there's the Meteor, who looks after the interests of the Buffalo District; then there's the man who has the oversight of the Syracuse District, and

It is indeed absurd that the Commander hopes to break the rod of the new Memorial Building on the first of May.



"OUR TOLLERS" this week brings to the front the experience of Captain Lavinia Nor-

man, of the Boston Slama, describing SLAM FIGHTING as it is in England, Scotland, and America. We produce one of the expressive illustrations.

A tragedy follows. It is an account of the sudden promotion of "A MARTYRED COMRADE," who has been murdered for his convictions in broad daylight, in the city of St. Louis, Mo.:

"Cribbed, stoned, and beaten unto death in the public streets, in a city called 'Saint.' In a Christian country, and in broad daylight, because of religious convictions seems utterly improbable, if not impossible, as one would think, that if the facts which follow were related without staining where it happened, any sensible person would say that such a thing was only possible in some civilized or Mohammedan society."

Nevertheless, Michael Lambert, a Salvation Army soldier, was assaulted by young toughs in the neighborhood of his home, and, without provocation, beaten so badly that he lived only a few days, dying in the city hospital. And when only a few blocks from home, but in one of the tough localities of the town, he was set upon by some young hoodlums of the neighborhood who recognized him as a Salvationist.

"They beat him with heavy sticks, and hit him in the head with a brick. He succeeded in escaping and making his way home. At first it was not supposed that he was seriously injured, but gradually he grew drowsy, and soon lost consciousness. In that condition he was taken to the city hospital, where, on the following Wednesday, he passed from this sphere into glory, not having regained consciousness for a moment."

"HATE YOU RECEIVED THE HOLY GHOST?" AFRICA. What a question for us all!

"Creeds are not very popular in the Salvation Army, but this expression in the Apostles Creed is as familiar to the Baptist as it is to the Christian himself. If we are not constantly quoting it, we are constantly acting upon it."

"I believe in the Holy Ghost, because it comforted us in sin, and here witness with our spirit when that sin was pardoned. 'For God hath not given us the spirit of bondage again to fear, but He hath given us the spirit of adoption, whereby we cry 'Abba, Father.'"

"I believe in the Holy Ghost, because it revealed to us the certainties and hollows of a carnal ambition, which we were living to gratify, and which struggled within us, and made its voice heard till we elected to be fathers of men, and spent our lives in the service of God and humanity."

"I believe in the Holy Ghost, because it has

helped us as Salvation Army officers for many years to win souls; to proclaim liberty to the captive, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound."

"TERRITORIAL TROTTING," by the Chief Secretary and the Editor is no doubt more laughable as a couple of printed columns than in the actual experience. It describes river, and floods, and swollen sprouts, and a truck-crowded, limpid-looking little brook, into which they may enter:

"We emerged without the slightest misgiving, but as soon as the vehicle fairly entered the spirit the terror seized us all, the horses sank in the yielding sand up to their bodies—the harness of one or two being under water—and the wagonette was motionless. We all sprang into the water and toward the horses, which lay in a tangled mass. With the help of a gang of Kafirs and a free lapping and shouting, they managed to extricate themselves, and with us stood shivering on terra firma. But the vehicle was still in the river."

How the vehicle was extricated, and the party proceeded to the town of Inverness and much black mud, until they came to Sandy River:

"The Design waded the river, took soundings, and decided to attempt to cross. And with absolute cruelty sounding shakings of the ship, the horses got to the water, and when just about out of danger, the wagon stuck."

"In these rivers and sprouts; the lane of South Africa travellers! their flow is as sudden as death and as vertiginous as this. I am penning these lines at Bethlehem, which is situated on a stream called the Juba."

"Its normal condition is that of a shallow rocky brook, over which the boys and girls—and all natives on foot—skip and jump quite safely, but this morning it came down a mighty, raging torrent—so sudden that the native who was crossing at the time was caught in his wild over and dashed amongst the rocks, and finally caught in a tree trunk."

However, it came to pass that they safely reached the end of the journey, after some blessed meetings.

THE REPORTED RESULTS OF THE MONTH'S SIEGE gives the divisional and corps statements of SOULS SAVED. God save Africa!

We rejoice to see that the Salvation Army here is the very same Salvation Army as in Canada in quenchless thirst for souls.



"I Believe in the Holy Ghost."

"THEY WORDS WERE HEARD,"

A single half-hour spent in the company of God's truth with the spirit of illumination upon us and entirely devoted to the consideration of how God has visited and helped His people in days gone by, would be sufficient to dispel from our hearts and minds

The Last Vestige of Doubt

both as to God's willingness and his ability to assist us as He has promised.

How often have we read the experience of that man of God who wrote, "And behold a hand touched me, which met me upon my knees and upon the palms of my hands. And he said unto me, O Daniel, a man greatly beloved, understand the words that I speak unto thee, and stand upright, for unto thee am I now sent."

"And when he had spoken this word unto me,

I stood Trembling.

Then said he unto me, 'Fear not, Daniel, for from the first day that thou didst thine heart to understand and to chasten thyself before thy God, thy words were heard, and I am come for thy words.'

Yet, my dear comrades, do not let us forget that the promises of God are always conditional.

That man whose heart is full of idols and selfishness, who seeketh not the glory of God, but his own advancement, and who has not fully and entirely consecrated himself to God, will never be able to appreciate these precious

Beautiful Make-Overs

that God has left on record. A heart of humility, a soul sinking there in a life of devotion, faith and communion with God. A sinking of the interests to God's kingdom will enable us to fearlessly and fully realize the presence of a risen Saviour and that innumerable host who are His ministers of flaming life; they shall enable us to fight the battles of our God; they shall assist us in life's battles, and when we lay down the sword shall escort us to the city above. A thousand hallelujahs for

A Risen Saviour.

We may not be able to comprehend the love of God in Christ, but the higher we climb the more we behold.

The Devil on Trial IN CHICAGO.

[Condensed and concluded.]

Q. You wouldn't steal a \$5 bill if it laid on the railing there?
A. No, sir.
Q. Who was it that led you to make the first theft?
A. The spirit of the devil; he put it into my mind.

Q. Now, then, Mr. Thomas, wasn't it your own devilishness that caused you to do these things?
Objection from Mr. Winchell, as all devilishness comes from the devil.
Objection sustained.

Q. Isn't it a fact, Mr. Thomas, that it was your own weakness that led you to do these things? Was it not your own weakness that caused the stealing?
A. Prompted by the devil.
Q. Will you please answer this question direct?

A. Yes; prompted by the devil.
Q. Now, then, Mr. Thomas, I see you are trying to switch off this question? You don't believe this was the devil?
A. No, I don't.

Q. You say at one time you were almost guilty of murder, and that a dog was the means of preventing you from committing some great harm?
A. Yes, sir.

Q. You do solemnly declare before this judge and jury, that you believe 'twas the devil that caused you to do these things?
A. I do; yes, sir.

Mr. John H. Elliott, the next witness, gave evidence that he has been acquainted with the devil in Chicago for twenty-two years; he had caused him to steal 100 bushels of cabbage about seven years ago, and about nine years ago, he led him into a very fast life of gambling, and told him there was money to be made at it. Since the Bible states that he that loveth his brother, is a murderer, the devil had also caused him to commit murder in his heart. Attorney Johnson then took the witness in hand.

Q. You commenced to be bad very young, didn't you?
A. Very young.
Q. Were you born bad or not?
A. Well, hardly.

Q. Well, as far back as you can remember you have been mean, haven't you?
A. Yes.
Q. You say about seven years ago the devil caused you to commit theft?

A. Yes, he did.
Q. What did you do with the cabbage—eat it?
A. No.

B. Can you state some other case in which you committed theft?
A. I cannot recollect any just at present.
Q. Your memory is very bad, isn't it?
A. Yes, but I don't want to state anything that I am not sure of.

Q. You were actually led into these crimes by the devil?
A. Yes, sir.

The attorney then asked Mr. John Barr to take the stand. Mr. Barr came up the aisle with a self-confident air, smiling and bowing to the judge and the audience. However, he soon got tangled up in replying to the questions put to him, and it was apparently a great relief to Mr. Barr when his time had expired. Mr. Barr held that the devil never did him any harm, and was the greatest friend the world ever had, in his opinion.

Mr. Winchell was on his feet instantly with an objection that it was not the opinion of the witness that was wanted, but personal knowledge. The witness said that when the devil persuaded Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden to partake of the forbidden fruit, which made them wise, he had done the world a good turn, inasmuch as we would all be in that same ignorant state still only for this act of the devil. The witness got very enthusiastic here, and came down with his clenched fist upon the witness box.

There was hissing in the audience, which was suppressed by the Court, when the witness said he stood for the devil, and was not ashamed of it.

Cross-examination by Attorney Winchell:
Q. Mr. Barr, you have been giving your belief in the devil from the Bible?
A. All the knowledge I have of him is from the Bible.

Q. You believe in the Bible?
That hasn't anything to do with the devil.
Q. Please answer my question. Do you believe in the Bible?

A. I won't answer unless the Court rules that this question must be answered. The Bible is not the question.

The Court: The Court rules that since the witness has already quoted from the Bible in his testimony, he must say whether he believes in the Bible or not; therefore the question has to be answered or the witness will have to be withdrawn.

Q. Will you please answer my question direct? Do you believe in the Bible?
A. I believe in the Bible when it represents facts, as the Word of Truth or the Word of God.

Q. From your own personal knowledge—

THEY FOLLOW THE DRUM.

Composed by Staff-Capt. Marshall, Editor of the Conqueror.

By far the great-est num-ber of the peo-ple whom we
So as the peo-ple want com-in, to hear the joy-ful
meet, In store-ss-a-loom-a-or off-i-ces or out-up-on the
sound, Of God's Sal-va-tion we must go where they can best be
street, Are far too bus-y running at-ter mon-ey, drink or
found, And whether want-ing it or not we'll make them know that
food, To care a-bout their souls at all or seek their high-est
none, Need wretched be on earth or go to hell when life is
good, But God com-mands us to go out to warn them that to
done, To hun-dreds of de-spair-ing souls fresh light and hope we
hell, Will surely go all who des-pise His Son who loves them
bring, Who hear us sing and tea-ti-ty in hall and street and
all, And tell them that there's hope for all who to the cross will
ring, And hun-dreds of the wor-sha-ve in-to joy and good-ness.
come, That's why we march the streets and make them follow the Army drum-
come, Be-cause they found sal-va-tion when they fol-lowed the Army drum-
CHORUS
They will not go in when the church bells ring or in-to a mission
hall, For per-son cryp-tist they don't care the least they
wont go near them at all, But Je-sus says that from the
high-ways, we've got to make them come, And
thousands will say they are blessing the day when they fol-lowed the Army drum-
—From the California Cry.

the devil. Do you know the devil personally?

A. No, sir.
Mr. Winchell: I cannot ask you any more questions if you don't believe in him, and since you have no personal knowledge of the devil.

Mr. Barr: I am allowed ten minutes to testify, and am going to do so; and the attorney continued his questioning.

Q. You believe in the Bible as the Word of God?
A. Just this much of the Word of God that represents facts in the Bible.

Q. Do you believe everything that is recorded in the Bible as the Word of Truth and the Word of God?
The witness tried to answer evasively, and the attorney again threatened out:

Q. Will you please answer my question? Do you believe in the Bible as the entire Word of God?
Q. You said a moment ago that you believed the Bible was the Word of Truth:

A. I didn't answer it that way. I said it was the Word of God that was representative of facts.

Mr. Winchell then appealed to the Court to have the testimony of this witness stricken out, as he, having no personal knowledge of the devil, was therefore incompetent to give testimony.

The Court: The Court decides that according to the laws of Illinois only those witnesses shall furnish evidence against any criminal as have not only a personal knowledge of the criminal, but also a personal knowledge of the one that is being tried, and as this witness has not personal knowledge of the devil, therefore the testimony of this witness is ordered stricken from the record of this case.

Mr. Barr left the witness stand, and was followed several blocks down the street by a gang of looting boys.

Attorney Johnson at once moved for a new trial, on the ground that the defense had not sufficient time to prepare a case.

The Court decided not to grant a new trial on these grounds, and Mr. Johnson pro-ceeded with his argument, which was as follows:

Your Honor and Gentlemen of the Jury,—As you have listened very attentively to the evidence in this case, and as your time is very valuable, I will proceed at once with my argument. I would like to bring to your minds this fact, and wish you to consider in considering this evidence that all the witnesses for the prosecution have been false witnesses, who are notoriously prejudiced against this defendant, the devil.

One of the witnesses who took the stand was a young man by the name of Brook, who from the age of fourteen led a fast life in Paris; later he attended lectures in London on Theosophy, by a woman by the name of Annie Besant. He claims to have been led by the devil through this doctrine. I leave it to your judgment, gentlemen, whether he was led by the devil or by this woman. The next witness you listened to, gentlemen, was an Irish boy by the name of Mitchell. The lady declared that she has seen this defendant, the devil, and in the direct examination declared him to be a great big devil; but in the cross-examination, when asked how large he was, she could not tell; in fact, she confessed she had never seen him, and that this expression was commonly used by Salvationists. The next witness was Mr. Simmons. This man claimed to have been saved at one time in his life from a life of sin and misery. For a time his home was bright and happy and all that he could wish, when suddenly one day the dark monster who had prior to his conversion caused his life and lighted his home came to him again to allure him from his happiness. Now, then, gentlemen, I ask you if it is reasonable that a man who has once been

saved from such a terrible demon should again allow himself without an exertion on his part to be led by him again.

I leave it with you, gentlemen of the jury. You have heard the testimony of Mr. Ingersoll and Mr. John Barr. I feel that I can leave the case in your hands.

After Mr. Johnson had taken his seat, Attorney Winchell made his plea as follows:

Your Honor and Gentlemen of the Jury,—As we enter into a consideration of this case we feel that inasmuch as immortal souls are involved and there should be judgment against the great atrocity of mankind, that all levity should be dispensed with and the most serious thought take possession of every mind.

We have heard evidence pro and con as to the guilt of the defendant, and I feel that from the very beginning there was the most positive proof that Satan had a personal existence, and that he is the author of all crime and misery and moral darkness which has been heaped upon the world for the past six thousand years.

The counsel for the defendant has treated this case in a light and trifling manner, and has not produced one argument to prove that Satan is not guilty of the charges against him. He has tried to prove that Satan has no existence; then, gentlemen of the jury, why should he be here this evening to defend something that is not? He knows very well, as I am sure you are convinced already by these testimonies that you have heard in this case, that the devil, the original serpent, is still in the world and perpetuates his evil designs not only upon one class, but upon all. The testimonies upon the plaintiff's side have been straight and conclusive and are produced from actual experience.

Satan cannot be defended. He is guilty of all these charges brought against him. The fact of the case is, that it was not God, but the wickedness of the people that brought the destruction by deluge of the old world, and so with all other judgments. Broken laws in the moral, as well as the physical world, will certainly bring just retribution.

Put your hands in the fire, and let them burn. God's attitude to these people was that of a kind, loving Father, Who pleaded with them, Who sought after them, Who did all He could to save them, for we read that many years before the ark was finished, in Genesis vi, He speaks of His Spirit striving with them, and we know that the great given seven days of grace after the allotted time for destruction, and all this time Noah was warning and pleading with them. This only brings out the most conclusive facts from this infidel's argument—proof which would condemn the devil.

The devil worked upon the people's hearts, and hardened them. The devil was proud, and rebellious, and depraved, and given over to utter abandonment to the most damnable practices, beyond the last ray of hope; so all these people were willfully and avowedly the enemies of God, and partook altogether of the same spirit, and were not to be saved.

Your Honor and gentlemen of the Jury: No one can deny the fact, that this poor world is in a most wretched condition, and there must be some cause, and no other explanation has been produced; and witnesses all testify that they know that it was the devil, and the devil alone who robbed them of their richest and best gifts from God—peace, purity, and of the very image of their Creator—and made them sinful and miserable, and not only sought to murder their souls, but would, if his diabolical devices could have been carried out, have made murderers of them. These things being so, the great salvation of our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ, has come to their hearts!

You have seen, gentlemen, that Mr. Johnson has ridiculed, and tried to pick the testimonies of our witnesses, but his logic has been in vain.

In coming, gentlemen, as you weigh all this evidence, let me remind you that this demon is planning the damnation of every soul in this room, and of the whole world—that he will appear in some deceitful guise to take possession of each heart, and lead them away from God and hope. He already hovers in this room, lurks at the door, and hides at every corner for an opportunity to carry out his hellish designs. For the sake of these souls, bring in a just verdict, and urge every body to escape to Calvary's mountain, where the blood will break his power, and cleanse the heart from every sin.

Judge Foster delivered his charge to the jury. While the band played, this body retired, and soon returned with the following verdict:

"We, the jury, find the defendant, the devil, guilty, as charged in the indictments. In view of the fact that there are a great many in the hall who are the slaves of Satan, we suggest that this Court resolve itself into a prayer meeting, and give them an opportunity to be saved."

The Judge, in delivering his sentence, said that in view of the fact that the defendant was a wicked man, could not have hands laid upon him, he recommended that all Salvationists prosecute the warfare against him more vigorously than ever, and trust the Lord to mete out a just verdict.

The court room was then, according to the suggestion of the jury, resolved into a hot prayer meeting, where some four souls, who were under the power of the devil, came to Jesus Christ, the great Deliverer, and went on their way rejoicing. It is needless to say, everyone seemed to be highly pleased with result of the trial.—Court closed.

RURUS BROWN, Court Stenographer.

[N.B.—The Chicago dailies had many columns on the trial.]

If it is the Salvation of Souls You Are Seeking,

The Salvation Army Presents a Wonderfully Favorable Opportunity for the Carrying Out of that Purpose.

Brother, Notice the Big Figures at the Top of the Corps War Despatches. It Refers to Sinners at the Cross. Isn't it Beautiful?—ED.

70.

ST. JOHNS L., Nfld.—Since last report, we have had times of heavenly blessing, in seeing SEVENTY SOULS in one week tumble into the fountain, and coming out wonderfully happy.

One brother, who came out to go into the fountain, brought his tobacco-deal with him. But before entering in, he bid him advise never to keep company with him any more. May the Lord stir up all the malice and envy that is needed to keep them enemies one with the other.

A sister on coming out of this wonderful fountain, began to pray for her father and mother. God grant that they may get saved, and kept in the spirit of prayer. Praise the Lord. We are marching on to conquer.—Cadet W. H. CRAVE.

52.

ST. JOHNS L.—"Praise God, the soldiers of the Army have a right to shout and sing. The way is growing brighter, and souls are on the wing." In one week FIFTY-TWO sinners were delivered from sin. Oh, what a time of rejoicing the angels must have had in heaven. And up till this present time the glorious work has been going on; also, there has been a number seeking the blessing of a clean heart. To God be all the glory.

We shall never forget the parting on the wharf of Major and Mrs. Read, as we sang with our hearts uplifted to God:

"No, we never, never, never, will give in."

May God write it on our hearts, and make us more determined than ever.—Cadet E. HINCOCK.

12.

STRATFORD.—War! Victory! Glory! Another week of blessing and power. Ensign Gale gave us a call. A good, lively meeting it was. A cold gale was blowing outside, but the Lord opened the windows of heaven, and the heavenly gales swept us right into the fountain.

We spent Good Friday in a grand style. Afternoon and night, good crowds, straight dealing with souls, deep conviction.

Easter Sunday will not easily be forgotten by some of us; at least, not by those who were reconciled to God, and raised to newness of life in Christ Jesus. Early in the morning, as it began to dawn toward the first day of the week, some faithful and well-saved Salvationists began to gather in the lower room, not to seek the living amongst the dead, but to seek power from on high to publish the Gospel of a Risen Christ. Twenty-five were present. At 7:30, in the stillness of the morning, we sallied forth for a rousing march.

"Up from the grave He rose,"

from our consecrated band, rent the air, and roused the people from their slumber. In the afternoon meeting, the power was felt from beginning. At the close, THREE SOULS surrendered to God. This increased our faith for greater things at night, when the power of the Holy Ghost seemed to grip the people. The soldiers claimed the victory by faith. ONE came, then ANOTHER, until NINE knelt at the mercy-seat. All professed to find Christ. By this time the glory began to boil over; here and there soldiers were dancing and praising God. Sergeant York, who has been troubled with rheumatism for years, jumped and skipped like a lamb. Total of souls, twelve for the day.—TH. J. DAVENPORT, Icelandic Lieutenant.

11.

FEVERSHAM.—Praise the Lord last week at Brigade No. 111, TEN SOULS sought and found the Saviour. Glory to His name. Also at Brigade No. 1, Sunday, good meetings all day, and at night ONE SISTER came and laid down her burden at the foot of the Cross.

7.

BELLEVEILLE.—God has given us glorious times of victory. During eight days, FIVE SOULS have found deliverance from sin, and can testify to the name. Praise God.

On Sunday, God honored our faith, and gave us TWO SOULS for our hire. Closed the day's campaign at 10:30 p.m., by giving to Jesus the glory. This is only the beginning of better days. Look out for some extraordinary times from this corps.—Ensign and Mrs. WHELAN.

7.

BRANDON.—The war is still raging around here. The enemy has been making some heavy charges upon our ranks. Some have faltered, but on the whole, we are marching forward to certain victory.

Sunday was a blessed spiritual time. The tide seemed to rise every meeting, until at last TWO WANDERERS safely anchored in a haven of rest.

Monday, the converts took hold good. Tuesday, was a gathering home of soldiers, and a grand time was spent.

Wednesday, was the attack by Jonathan's Brigade. Eleven hotels were attacked at one time by our gallant soldiers, who were not afraid to fight two by two. ONE SOUL got saved standing on the sidewalk in front of an hotel.

Thursday, was a sister's meeting, when TWO SOULS cried for mercy.

Friday, was to be a deluge of fire. TWO souls the cleansing blood. Oh, for greater power to deal with the deadness around us.

The Easter Cry is praised on every hand. God bless those who had to do with putting it together.—MAGGIE.

4.

HARBOR GRACE.—Our motto is, "Victory." On Sunday, twenty-seven at knoe-drill. At the afternoon free-and-easy God spoke to the hearts of the people, and at the close two held up their hands to be prayed for. In the night meeting, after spending a while down in the prayer-room praying, we went up stairs to stand before as large an audience as we have had since we have been in Harbor Grace. At the close FIVE KNELT at the cross. After dealing with God for a while on their behalf, four arose to their feet to rejoice over a new-found Saviour.—SOPHIA WILSON, Cadet, Harbor Grace Garrison, JESSIE KNIGHT, Captain.

6.

Circling Glory.

OWEN SOUND.—I have just closed a most successful series of meetings in the Warton Circle Corps, of a week's duration. A party of five of us started on Monday, including Ensign, Captain and Mrs. Rowe, Sister Woolrich, and Brother Barfoot. We saw a lot of trouble, that we have seen strange things.

First, take a glance of the country, the peninsula by name, but desert by nature, stretching across seventy miles of land, a farm here and there, but the largest part of it rocky and rugged, and unfit for anything, also bearing the wildest appearance that you can

meeting was good. May God raise up some Daniels in this place!

AT GOLDEN VALLEY we hardly had standing room. Such a meeting! No shelling of the blessings from beginning to end. God came near. A good collection was given.

We drove over a hundred miles, saw six sinners saved, one soldier sanctified, and left lots under conviction. I returned to Owen Sound with THE GREATEST FAITH IN THE CIRCLE CORPS SCHEME. Shall not these souls bear of Him Who said to all, "Come unto Me." Or shall they say, "Nobody ever told me." We are responsible to help them. Yours in the service of God and man.—A. GOODWILL, Ensign.

3.

PARIS.—Crowds of people gazed at the Salvation Army Saturday night, as they marched through the streets. No doubt they were a sight to the on-lookers who saw a host of women dressed in their kitchen costumes, with brooms under their arms, followed by our Captain and Staff-Captain with weapons representing their trade. The women had a right-to-the-front rank, as most of the men left their tools at home. A blood-and-fire open-air followed, with a few sharp shots being fired, and the enemy's ranks were broken. Cockrill, with his arm upon his shoulder, said he was never afraid to chop at a tree, now he is chopping at the devil trying to undermine him.

Easter Sunday, 7 a.m. Knoe-drill and march in the up-town. It was a good beginning, and truly we did well. Afternoon meeting was a powerful one, the enemy was upon us, but we rushed into them, and captured TWO from its numbers. At night we had another fight and came off victorious with ONE MORE soul. We are sharpening our swords for more. A lively march around the barracks wound up the meeting.—F. M., Special Correspondent.

3.

CHESLEY.—Since last report we have had a farewell meeting, also a welcome meeting of our new Captain, but best of all, we have had THREE SOULS in the fountain. We have a big devil to fight, but we are going in for victory. Things are on the upward move. Our motto is victory.—Lieutenant SKELE.

2.

CHATHAM.—Five more have sought salvation, others are coming. A mighty revival is breaking out over the town, our faith (not feeling) is rising. We have five prayer-meetings going in different places on Sunday nights before meeting in the barracks. These are doing everybody good. Last night, a woman whose husband came to God a week ago, got saved. A man, a backslider, when going to bed changed his mind and came about a mile to the barracks STRAIGHT TO THE FINEST-POST, and of course, got saved; tobacco was his tyrant. After a mighty fight we got the evidence of the salvation of THREE OTHERS who did not yield but who

News from Newcastle and Capetown says souls are being saved. All glory to God.—B. BRADLEY.

2.

WIARTON.—Though the roads have been very muddy and the weather very stormy the last two weeks, the people here turned out in crowds to our meeting at our several appointments, and best of all, TWO PRECIOUS SOULS have sought and found the Pearl of Great Price.—Captain and Mrs. ROWE.

2.

MIDLAND.—The Toronto Musical Troupe around the circle this week, made things look up, both spiritually and financially. TWO SOULS in the fountain, seven enrolled, a Sergeant-Major commended; \$38.79 collection.—Captain F. McKEENE.

2.

BRANTFORD.—We had adieu to Ensign and her sister, and welcomed to our midst Captain S. Wiggins, who has things well in hand for a great revival. TWO SOULS have sought the Lord, and are doing well. Five or six others have asked for our prayers. This week we had in our midst Ensign Chen, also Brother Mason, the secretary of Simcoe corps, and Brother Clarke, the Collingwood wonder. Grand spirit in all the meetings; much real Holy Ghost conviction. At night the Ensign gave a very solemn and impressive address on backsliding. We believe we shall yet see many wanderers reclaimed as a result of that meeting.—CHARLES STEVENSON, Special Correspondent.

P.S.—You have balled my reports down very much of late.

[See centre of page 6, Cry, April 14.—Ed.]



PART OF WINNIPEG BAND.

"Our Bob" Bailey.

M. Montfort.

John Habbirk.

Candidate E. Phillips.

6.

LINDSAY.—Grand soul-saving time here. Just had visit from Brigadier de Barritt and Staff-Captain Jervis. We had a grand day yesterday. NINE AT THE CROSS—six for salvation and three for power to work for God and souls.—M. ARNE, Ensign.

4.

Almost Home.

Our holiness and soldiers' meetings are good. Last Sunday night the officers and soldiers pushed and prayed, and after a long struggle FOUR SIXTEEN came to the front. Praise God! It was nice to hear them give their testimony. A proper "Welcome Home." Soldiers wept for joy. Many more were convicted. The band is doing well. One of our soldiers has been called to stand before the judge above. His last words were "Almost home." He was happy in death.—Ensign ARNE.

Imagine. Previous to the Army's advent, at one place I was told they had one preaching service in five weeks. Shall they live or shall they die to all that's good and right, No! Not since there is such a scheme as a Circle Corps. The people cannot do too much for you in a humble way. God bless them all!

COLPOYS BAY was the first stopping place. THREE SOULS were saved here, and this is where we first met Brother E., who told us that if a thousand suns had been shining, it could not have been brighter than when the Sun of Righteousness first shone in his dark heart. Sister Woolrich soloed—

"Standing on the promises of God."

What a lift we all got.

Tuesday, HOPE BAY, a harder meeting, with no visible result.

Wednesday, PIKE BAY. Here we had the Methodist Church wall filled with attentive hearers, closing with THREE VOLUNTEERS for the King's service. A beautiful work has been done here in the last few weeks.

LION'S HEAD must not be forgotten, the

2.

HALIFAX I.—On Monday and Tuesday nights there was a change of officers between Dartmouth and city corps. Captain Young and Lieutenant Seeley, of Dartmouth corps, left the meeting on Monday night, and Captain Alex. MacLean and wife, of No. 11, on Tuesday. The singing battle on Thursday night was good, but dimly attended, on account of the storm in progress; and on Saturday night ONE SOUL sought the Saviour. Our meetings were well attended on Sunday, and ONE SOUL came to the Cross in the night meeting. Ensign Hartrey spent his last Sunday with us, and will leave for his new appointment on Thursday. The Lord has blessed his work in this city, the new barracks being a credit to his piety and ability. May the Lord bless him and his wife and family, and make them a blessing. Amen.—Sergeant-Major CASBARI.

2.

ACADIA MINES.—We had with us a few Sundays ago, Brother Happy Jim and Warwick. Had good meetings, and sinners were convicted. Then last Sunday, Brothers Blair and Phinney, from Truro, were with us. In the prayer meeting Sunday night, TWO SINNERS knelt at the Cross for pardon. We closed with a beautiful hymn, praising God for victory.—W. J. CHRISTIE for Captain SANNEY.

2.

STRATFORD.—Sunday, magnificent open-air bombardment. The soldiers fought like tigers. ONE SOUL found Christ at night, making THREE since last report. Glory to God.—Lieutenant T. J. DAVENPORT.

I hope you are well saved, Mr. Editor. The Lord bless you.

2.

MONCTON.—The Spirit of God is working in our midst. We have had TWO SOULS for the week. We had a visit from Ensign MacVintars; it was a very joyful time. Last Sunday and again on Wednesday, we had a visit from Ensign Blackburn.—SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.

5.

VICTORIA.—The past has indeed been an Easter week in more ways than one. Our sinners have risen considerably. No less than FIVE FORTYFOUR SOULS have knelt at our penitent form, some of whom have been under conviction for weeks past.

On Good Friday night a special meeting was led by Ensign Hiltz, assisted by Captains Fulton, Fitzpatrick, and Gooding. The songs, choruses, and testimonies were all bearing upon Calvary. At the close, two sinners cried for mercy, and one, who had discovered God, came out and left the future in His hands. Our prayer is that they may be true to their vows.

Meetings all day Sunday were good. ONE OUT FOR CLEANSING in the holiness meeting.

The Easter WAX CRY went as the saying is, "like hot cakes," many of our friends taking two. They were all sold out by Sunday, and not one could be found after the night meeting.

The work is at present going ahead at full speed, and something is being accomplished for God. We are still believing for greater things.

Captain Fitzpatrick, mother of the Rescue Home and Children's Shelter, is rejoicing. Her assistant arrived last night while the meeting was in progress. Victoria soldiers and friends give her a hearty welcome.—ANNE REILLY.

3.

YARMOUTH.—With God as invisible, and Captain Knight as visible leader, the soldiers here have waged warfare. Ensign Gage has been absent most of the time assisting warriors in other parts of the province. He was with us one evening after a week's fighting at CLARK'S HARBOR, and brought the cheering news of THIRTY-THREE CONVERTS during the week. We rejoiced audibly, and rendered great inspiration. Tidings of the good work which Captain Knight has been doing, reach the City of the Living God. David Smith accompanied Ensign from the Harbor, and assisted in a mutual meeting. God has blessed several of the soldiers with good wives, and Captain Knight can fill a gap of almost any size in a mutual meeting; so these meetings have become quite popular. At the one referred to, the sergeant had some trouble to accommodate the people with seats. The invitations and warnings given in our home visibly moved the people. We saw from time to time how the loved ones were gradually wiped away as the loved ones were being sung about, and as the life-story of a wandering girl was sung, a mother pressed her little one closer to her, quite likely dreading that such a fate should not be hers.

The people are attentive in a testimony meeting, too. Of course, testimonies are not omitted wholly from the mutual meetings—that would be make the Salvation Army—but many are hearers only, continuing sinners of the word, yet we are thankful for the FOUR who have recently knelt at the penitent form, and risen to declare their purpose to live for God. There has been an ENROLLMENT OF SIX.—AUXILIARY 94.

3.

WINNIPEG.—Sixty-three at knee-drill. CHALLENGE WRITTEN PROVINCE. Ensign Hawling conducted funeral service of Sister Kate Johnston, promoted to glory. Band played beautiful funeral marches. Deep sympathy and crowded streets. Old time open-air at C. P. R. depot; ten collecting flag; eighty on march, and ONE YOUNG MAN SAVED in barracks, 7 p.m. Two open-air companies at night: band skirmishing on side streets; picked up companies; ninety-five on march; 113 on platform; barracks packed, jammed full, ditto the hall; took down partition to smaller hall on side; over eleven hundred people seated. TWO MEN volunteered for salvation and got it. Battle closed 10:45 p.m. Everybody tired and happy.—F. K. S.

The Wingham band and soldiers visited Wroxeter, and had a happy time.—TOS. MRS. MOW.

PORT ARTHUR.—is moving along beautifully. Ninety-four at 7 a.m. to knee-drill Sunday morning.—CONVERTS (for the past two weeks) have been COMING STEADILY, nearly every night. WAR CRY all sold out by Saturday night, and our first enrolment of SEVEN became Salvationists, and many more are preparing to follow in their footsteps. We challenge the Division to beat us in knee-drill.—Captain MILNER.

1.

ORILLIA.—Captain has been sick for a few days, but is able to be around again, praise God. Work has started on the foundation of the new barracks. We hope to have it opened in a few months. A good work is still going on in the old one; many are under deep conviction. One man, who has been in trouble about his soul for some time, came and surrendered all to God in our meeting last night.—Lieutenant BERRY, for Captain HART.

1.

ST. JOHN I.—Mrs. Major Cooper was with us last Sunday. Some living, burning truths fell from her lips, and were carried by the Spirit to the hearts of the unlearned. ONE SOUL got saved. Give to Jesus glory.—Captain FENBY.

1.

PRINCE ALBERT.—We praise God for giving us the determination to fight a good fight. We may not be having visible results yet, but we know that many are deeply convicted of the necessity to start for the Kingdom. The meetings continue to be well attended, and a certain section of the public are so much struck on the BIG DRUM (captain if you please), that they take it out of the barracks after the meeting, and beat it down the street, for which sentiment they afterwards have to pay.—T. A. M.

PORT ARTHUR.

I am not a Salvation Army Soldier, but I do read the WAR CRY occasionally, and I can't say that I've yet felt any ill-effects from so doing. Just at present a good many here are considerably more interested in Port Arthur's spiritual welfare than any place else.

People of all classes, denominations and creeds buy the WAR CRY here; but the reason for it has not been determined whether it is the merits of the paper or the officer's irresistible manner of presenting it.

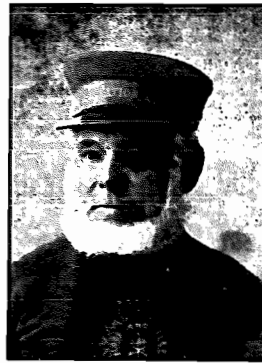
The Army is doing good and many are finding that "Religion is not a creed, but an experience; not a restraint; merely, but an inspiration; not an insurance for Heaven, but a programme for the present life." Backsliders are "Coming home," drunkards and tobacco-users are throwing away their hindrances, and widows which have often been heard on our streets in profanity are now heard in testimony of a Saviour's saving and keeping power. Members of the different churches unite in the work of soul-saving, and mingle their voices in prayer, praise and testimony, and frequent addresses from the platform at the meetings at the barracks. This is a cold, frozen, isolated town, but it gets red-hot in some quarters, as no person could deny if they have been at knee-drill at 7 a.m. last Sabbath and had united with the ninety-four worshippers present.—S. T. IN-TRUCK-OR.

[This is the fourth edition of Port Arthur in this week's edition, brother.—Ed.]

George, of Bowmanville.

BY THE EDITOR.

"Like an eagle caged, I pine
On this dull, exchanging shore;
Oh, give me the flashing time,
The spray, and the tempest's roar."
"Old Rhyme."



Brother George. George is his surname. In full, John George. Short, and thick-set, and with a bonnie face, fringed all round with a beard, now white with years, is Brother John George, of Bowmanville.

It was at the knee-drill of the corps' last anniversary, that I met Brother George. The glory was streaming down upon us, when suddenly up jumped George, his dear old face beaming with the light of heaven, while tears of joy suffused his eyes, and rolled down his cheeks. The world-renowned Cornish fire was in him. The Spirit moved him. "I be happy," he shouted, and betrayed his "Cornish Jack" origin right off. He electrified me. Cornwall has sent her sons to "earth's remotest bound," and they have well-maintained her reputation; but not least among her far-travelled and useful workers in the world's great workshop has been the subject of these notes.

John George was a child of ten when he first went to sea. Think of that pure, young spirit thrust into the foul, moral atmosphere of ship-life at that tender age. Compelled to go, too, for there were eight other toddlers in the home of the Bryanite local preacher George called "father," and poverty is imperative. But George enjoyed the prospect. He would soon imitate the jolly tars he saw occasionally, and swagger down the little village street in "true blue" costume. He says, "I thought it looked a fine thing."

Let pessimists groan if they will, a boy in better off now than then, in any part of the English-speaking world. "The stone cut out without hands" (Daniel ii. 34), is surely breaking up the self-principle of the world. A boy-slave, like George was then, is a rarity now, thank God.

The Cornish boy soon forgot his mother's prayers and his father's precepts, and the incorruptible word he had heard from the family Bible lay dormant and unproductive in memory's sealed cell. On the other hand the seeds of evil thrived right lustily. With silted skeins of sin that pleased him while they bound him he willingly sufficed himself to be fastened till he lay a fettered though unconscious captive. He had the bondage of hard work, and harder masters without, and many a ropending to sharpen his wits, but he was daily being tighter bound in the chains of sin.

One supreme sin had in particular coiled its sinuous meshes around his very heart—it was the love of strong drink. Damning drink! The multiplier of evil!

"I have gone ashore with fifty sovereigns (\$500), and in a few days spent all. Then I have had to go about with nothing to cover me but a shirt and a pair of old pants."

This is dear old George's testimony of those days. An outline all in black, which is best not filled in here. Who shall say what bitter tears his poor mother shed in those days when she pondered on those things! Let imagination draw aside the veil from the secret place of prayer, where that Bible Christian father knelt and offered to High Heaven his anguish and intercession for the bright sailor lad laid so low through the drink and accompanying sins.

"Bring him to me with all his light,
And tell him I love him still."

Those sighs and prayers were not forgotten.

(To be continued.)

OPENING

OF THE

Halifax Rescue Home.

ONE HUNDRED VISITORS.

ONE HUNDRED GENEROUS CITIZENS.

Singer Sewing Machine.

BY MRS. READ.

What a delightful time we spent together in that little gathering with our Eastern comrades in the Halifax Rescue Home. It was the day of the opening, and Ensign Hartrey had provided a very nice tea, which we were sure every officer present appreciated. It was a disappointment that Brigadier and Mrs. Jacobs did not arrive in time; but in their absence, Staff-Captain Bennett, in a few appropriate words, declared the Home, in the name of God, the Commandant, and the Brigadier, opened, and hoped it would be a real home of safety to many poor girls.

Several of the officers spoke of the goodness of a Heavenly Father in His dealings with them, and their confidence in His power to give them victory, and ultimately to bring them

Triumphantly to Heaven.

Ensign Hartrey told us how much she felt the responsibility, and that she was sure the influence of the officers' lives was going to be a great blessing to the girls who would seek help and shelter there.

Previous to the officers' tea, the doors for the first time had been thrown open, and all day visitors had been coming in and inspecting the Home; some showing practical interest by offering or promising assistance.

For years the

Macedonian Cry

has been coming to our readers from this seaport city, and they have been earnestly requested to do something to lift up the poor, shipwrecked mariners drifting about on the sea of impurity and vice. At last the Commandant has been able to establish the Rescue Home, to meet this long-felt and crying need, of which there cannot be—so any thoughtful Christian or philanthropic heart—the faintest shadow of a doubt.

It was one of the pleasant circumstances connected with our journey

From Newfoundland

to be just in time to participate in the opening meetings. We found Ensign Hartrey not only the most efficient of men, but the Home, which is a great credit to her and those who have assisted her, and the citizens of that illustrious city. It is very tastefully furnished, and home-like in every sense of the word. Situated in a quiet and suitable locality it will soon be filled with those for whom the Saviour died, dear reader, as much as for you and me.

The inaugural meeting was held at night at No. 1 barracks. After Staff-Captain Bennett had laid the preliminaries: a number of visiting officers sang and spoke. Among the number, Ensign Hunter, New Glasgow; Captain Alward, St. John's, N. B. fame; Captain Facey, Truro, and Captain MacLean. The blind brother, George Thickson, sang pathetically,

"Weary one."

Other interesting songs were listened to attentively, namely, Captain Creighton's

"Fallen one,"

and Miss Forsyth's

"Ever of then."

The writer spoke of Rescue work generally, and Ensign Hartrey introduced her scheme for helping to work financially. The people laughed heartily when we asked for a hundred dollars, and some did not believe for so much, but we believed in the generosity of Halifax citizens, and were not disappointed. Fifty-one dollars and a Singer sewing machine were given and promised, bringing the actual amount up to sixty dollars (\$60), and no doubt more will come in later on.

We wished dear Mr. Booth could have been at the opening. The Halifax Mail of March 19th has an interesting article, which we next week insert.

BRANDON GARRISON.

TWO came to the Cross on Sunday. Good meetings all day.

CADET JOHN DEMMICK.

TO CANDIDATES, ETC.

Will all candidates in the Central Ontario Province whose cases are still unsettled, or soldiers applying for the work, kindly communicate with Brigadier de Barzil, 77 Utter Street, Toronto, Ont.

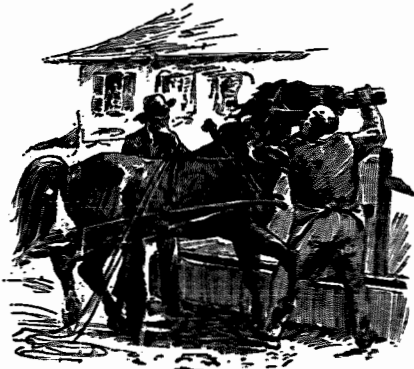
A Peep Through the Saved Farmer's Kaleidoscope.

THE WISE SOW THAT GAVE A LECTURE ON TOTAL ABSTINENCE.

The Foolish Mice That Were no Wiser Than Foolish Men.

"The best laid schemes of mice and men, Gang aft agley."—SCOTT.

"The foolishness of God is wiser than men."—EPAUL.



A pedlar's horse took very sick at a hotel where the pedlar was stopping one day, and the hotelkeeper, claiming to be somewhat of a doctor, gave the sick horse a dose of whiskey, which he thought was the best medicine. There was a quart or two of the stuff left in a pail near the pump on the street; and in a little while an old sow came along the village street looking to see what she could get, because her bill-of-fare at home was not very appetizing or plentiful, and coming up to the pail containing the whiskey, she drank it all up. It only took a short time for the vile stuff to work upon the poor brute, and she staggered as best she could over to where there was a fine shade tree, where she lay, literally tossed drunk, until through course of time, the effect of the whiskey wore off her, when she got up and walked home as best she could; but although, up to this time, she had generally made a visit to the village hotel about once every day to pick up what she could get, it was remarked that she was never seen there after getting drunk. After a while, some of the "boys" took it into their heads to try and drive or entice the old sow back again to the hotel, but it was all to no purpose, the sow's mind was made up that she would neither be coaxed or driven near that hotel where she once got drunk, and they could not take her there.



Was she not a very wise sow, comparatively speaking? Even if you make the comparison between the stupid (?) pig and wise (?) men. How many men claiming to be intelligent and wise, will go to the hotel and get drunk, and then get angry and talk and rant, until they ruin themselves, not only physically, but morally and spiritually as well. Whiskey and beer are two of the best agents that the devil uses for the accomplishment of his hellish designs, for they ruin the body and soul of his dupes at the same operation.

We were troubled with mice in our home, so we got an ingenious trap in which the



baits was exposed in such a tempting manner in such a way, that the unwarlike mouse trying to get at the bait, closed the only way of getting out, and in passing the inner chamber, he closed himself in, but left the way clear for another mouse to get into the prison. One morning we found the inner chamber was just as full as it could hold of mice, and when they were drowned and counted out, there were no less than six. Now, our would

naturally think that when the mice who were at liberty would see the prisoners behind the heavy trap, would be careful, and go away from the place altogether. But, no, they kept crowding in until the place was full.

Now, it appeared to me that the mice in this trap were no like many men in the saloon (the devil's trap). Although one would naturally think, that when men get caught in the devil's trap, would be careful, and be killed, soul and body, that it would be a warning to others, but no, it seems not; men will rush on heedlessly, attracted by the bait, until the devil has them fast, and they are past all hope.

No! there is hope while life lasts, because Jesus Christ says: "Come unto Me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." How thankful should we be that God has rained up the Salvation Army to be so faithful in warning the people against the touching of intoxicating drinks, and it is

to me one of the grandest recommendations of the Salvation Army, that it says to recruits, "Unless you can see it to be a duty and a pleasure to entirely abstain from all intoxicating drinks, you cannot 'join us.' And, although I was brought up in one of the churches, I never saw, or was fully taught the evils of the liquor traffic, until I saw the glorious Salvation Army.

Summer out of Christ, you are liable to be caught in one of the devil's numerous traps and snares. Why won't you come to this Saviour now? Come while He waits to bless you. Amen.

This is Interesting!

THE SABBATH—KEEP IT HOLY.

Special Season of Prayer, Commencing To-Morrow, for Preservation of the Seventh Day.

Never More Need of Prayer That the Selfish Shall Not Rob Those Who Take of Rest.

(Clipped from the Winnipeg "Tribune.")

New York, March 31.—In accordance with the resolutions adopted at the last annual convention of the American Sabbath Union, the friends of Sabbath observance everywhere will observe the week, commencing to-morrow morning, as a special season of prayer throughout the world for the preservation of the Sabbath. Co-operation to this end has been given by the various state Sabbath organizations, and it is stated that the observance will be very general. The executive committee of the American Sabbath Union, has issued a national address on the subject, from which the following is an extract:

"The remarkable awakening of public sentiment during the past year in defence of the recognition by the nation of the Day of Rest, gives special occasion for gratitude to God, and encouragement to continued efforts for the maintenance of efforts for the observance of His holy day. Yet, never was there greater need of prayer for divine help in view of the growing tendency on the part of many, who profess and call themselves Christians, to spend the hours of the Lord's day in secular pleasures and pursuits. And never was there more pressing need of prayer that the selfish competitions of trade, and greed of gain, may not be permitted to rob those who earn their daily labor, of their sacred right to rest and worship."

"Don't write on that glass!" yelled a glazier at his young son, who was writing on the window pane with the glazier's diamond. "Why not?" protested the lad. "Because you can't rub it out like a slate." Jammed with sin. Nothing but the Blood of Christ can wash away sin.

A Few Questions Asked

ABOUT THE

GRACE - BEFORE - MEAT - BOX AND AUXILIARY SCHEMES.

Ting-a-ting-ting.

"Hello there."

"Hello, boss, can you answer a few questions?"

"Guess so, provided they're meant well."

"What do you mean by that feeler?"

"Well, some folks are inclined to be critical, you know, kind of snippy pointed."

"Honor bright, I'm anxious for knowledge, boss side; if you give me satisfaction, perhaps

"Well, you won't mind a donation?"

"Oh, no; fire away."

"What's the Auxiliary Leagues?"

"Have you been acquainted with the Army so long, and you don't know what 'the Leagues' is? Well, it's intended for those people who, rich or moderately so, want to invest a certain portion."

"How much did you say there, young man?"

"Oh, at the least five dollars per annum; as much more as you like. Picking up where I was interrupted, those friends anxious to invest a little spare cash in the heavenly bank, send Commandant H. H. Booth, Salvation Army Temple, Toronto, the amount every year as mentioned above, for him to invest in the interests of the church."

"Very good; what interest do you pay?"

"Interest, did you say? Well, how does 100 per cent., payable up in heaven, sound?"

"All right for you folks, but —"

"Well, we give weekly interest in the shape of a W.A.N. Card, sent direct to your home, or monthly a copy of *All the World*, the *American Conqueror*, or *International Musical Salvationist*, or *Rescue Deliverer*."

"Now you are descending to mother earth, I think I'll jine ye."

"Hold on; we also send you a ticket of membership, entitling owner to a welcome at any of our public meetings, and a silver badge, and Army ribbon."

"Compulsory?"

"Oh, no, entirely a matter of free will; just to show appreciation of the work we are doing."

"Any other privileges?"

"Oh, yes; chief one, help, by becoming an Auxiliary member, to relieve the Commandant in his financial pressure."

"Got many in Toronto?"

"Yes, including some notables: the late ex-Mayor Howland, one of our oldest Auxiliaries, was such to his death."

"How many have you throughout the Dominion?"

"Well, sorry to say, only 230; would like to see many of our friends in Halifax, St. John, N.B.; Montreal, Kingston, Hamilton, London, Windsor, Winnipeg, Victoria, Vancouver, and Toronto, and so on."

"I see, you're hankering after the residents of the big cities?"

"Yes, and no, certainly as many as we can get; you see these places are the chief ones throughout the Dominion, and in speaking to gentlemen in them, of course we draw out the hint to the numerous sympathizers in their vicinity."

"Well, I think I'll better send you a five."

"Hold on a minute. I've seen some kind of a tin box round the city with a Lighthouse and another picture on it; what's that, a new scheme?"

"This has been arranged to gather up the crumbs for the poor, unemployed, ex-prisoners, fallen girls, and forlorn children, to provide homes of refuge and shelter; we call it a Grace-Before-Meat box. We issue them to whoever will take them."

"Good; I'm interested in the submerged; send me a box. When shall I return it?"

"Oh, we'll see to that. We'll appoint a local agent to call upon you every three months, who will open the box, extract money, give you receipts, dispatch cash to the Commandant, and call upon you three months afterwards. The next collection of boxes issued after the 1st of March, 1894, takes place in July."

"That's supposing I put anything in this identical little box?"

"Well, all who take them agree not to put any less in than two cents per week that won't break you; also to introduce to friends, acquaintances, and business people calling at the house."

"When did you start this scheme?"

"Last fall; we now have 6,000 boxes distributed throughout the length and breadth of the land; will soon run out of the seventh thousand."

"Then you must have had one collection. How did you get on? Are they a success?"

"Success? Well, fair. You see, we only had about a thousand to call in in January last, that realized over \$300."

"Capital; that cheered the Commandant and the Financial Secretary?"

"I should say so, but I guess we'll run away from them. The second collection is going to be a success. All collections are actively employed, and if any box-holder is missed, well, they only have to drop a card to us."

"Who can be a local agent?"

"Any local officer, sergeant, bandman, or bandwoman, soldier, Auxiliary."

"How can I get my flyer for Auxiliary membership, seeing there is no corps where I live, I can be a local agent?"

"Certainly, more the merrier."

"Well, I'll drop a post card about it. It see how I'm fixed for time to devote to it."

"Any more questions?"

"I guess I'll ring off now."

"Say, are you getting on well in your soul?"

"Hallelujah, yes. I've got wonderfully helped in the Commandant and Mrs. Booth Friday evening holiness meetings. Am the subject of keeping them on."

"Yes, every Friday until further notice."

"Good-bye; praise the Lord. God bless the Lord bless you."

F. T. M.

Stray Thoughts and Sayings

COLLECTED BY J. H. MERRITT.

That there are far too many failures among the people kneeling at our penitent form, I believe, a fact that has to be acknowledged by all, no matter how deeply it may be regretted. For this state of affairs there must be reasons, and I am persuaded I have discovered some of them.

In the first place, the power that is essential to bring people to the penitent form has a lot to do with the result of such coming. For instance, if an officer or soldier appears in the natural feelings of some persons by talking to them of a dead mother, sister, or brother, or one who has departed, it might be as easy matter to arouse such a remembrance of that friend, and to create such a yearning desire to see him or her, that the person could readily be persuaded to come to the penitent form. Now, in a case of that kind it would merely be the natural love that was used to draw, and as time is a great healer, it would surely follow that the grief would pass off, and with it the resolution to meet the departed ones if there were no stronger purpose to back it up.

Then, again, if a person is in a lively, lively meeting, where all the soldiers are happy and rejoicing, and there is a lot of talk about joy, peace, and so on, it would only be natural that that person to covet such a blessed experience, and as a result the work of getting him to the penitent form to seek the joy, etc., might be an easy task. Here the power and influence of the selfishness of the natural heart, and the object sought is the fruit of righteousness, and not the fruit of Christ.

In other cases it might be the personal benefit to be derived from serving God, or the fear of death, or for the sake of accomplishing some desired end, that would prompt the so-called penitents to kneel at the bench, and in this case the result must be the inevitable failure of the effort.

One thing is certain, and that is, when a person seeks God it must be in a whole-hearted manner. There must be a deep conviction of the sinfulness of the heart and life, and a humble and contrite spirit, and a real sorrow such as will lead to an entire forsaking of every known sin, and an unconditional surrender of one's soul, body, and spirit to the will of God.

If a man seeks God, as the Pharisee did, thanking Him that he is not as other men are, the result will be that God will not save him. A man cannot seek God, and at the same time shake hands with himself and all his iniquities. The spirit of the penitent must be the power that causes the man to pray for the publican. "God is merciful to me a sinner," must be the plea for mercy.

The case of a man I heard of illustrates another false motive in coming to God. This fellow had come to the penitent form, professed conversion, went selling W.A.N. Cards, apparently became an out-and-out saint. Shortly after coming into the middle-aged and married, he commenced talking about going in the work, and upon being questioned, he gave his reasons as follows: "You see it says in the Bible that if a man leaves father, mother, wife, lands, etc., for the sake of the Gospel, and then comes into the world as a brother, and so on. Now, I do not think any sensible man would wish the promised increase as far as the wife was concerned, especially if they were all like the one the man had, nor do I think he meant that. But he was too lazy to work, and he couldn't stand going into the world as the best investment he could ever strike. I met hardly any, this fellow failed to make his scheme work, nor that he also ceased to be a soldier when it failed."

To find salvation, a person must be brought out by the convicting power of the Spirit of God, he must have the pure motive of being saved from sin, in order that he may glorify God in his life afterwards, and help to bring souls to Christ; he must make a complete confession of his sinful ways, and make them all his. "I will not hide my heart, O Lord," says the Lord. "Bring forth, therefore, your heart for repentance." If the seeking is done right, salvation will surely come to the heart of a seeker, and I am convinced the reason a many fail is that they act unwise. Repent, therefore, and be converted."

A Run to the Georgian Bay.

After a roving tour through the country, stopping here and there to help on our comrades.

Brantford was the first place visited. Captain Benjamin met us (Staff-Captain Jewer and Captain Atwell) at the depot.

The town was thrown into excitement on account of the murder trial at the Court House.

Here there, however, to accuse people of the murder of souls, and yet to offer a free pardon through repentance and faith.

Brantford has a magnificent barracks, and who knows what's before us if we only have faith! Keep your hearts firm, comrades; there never was a place so hard for God to come.

We were joined by Ensign MacAmmond, of Imperial City, at Orangeville. That march down Main street was fine. Out came the storekeepers, and the people at the hotels.

There round Staff-Captain Jewer to the store and brought in a nice sum of money. There was a big performance of trained brass going on at the Town Hall, but a good number of people came to the meeting.

Lieutenant Pollard is in charge, and puts in full time. Oh, if we only had more officers, what could we NOT DO?

Shelburne is a thriving village, containing a nice little corps. Captain Ferguson, and Lieutenant Legge, are its officers. The open-air at night was a series of three hotel bombards.

A fine crowd filled the barracks at night; two souls sought salvation.

Off next morning to Flamborough; met by Captain Green, of Flamborough. A few miles brought us to the house of a kind friend, where we found Captain Richmond, who, though not very strong, had been holding regular services in a little church near, and getting souls saved.

At or seven miles to Faversham, with thirty-seven souls all told in the village; but when at night, gave us 150 for an audience.

Captain Green is a thorough Salvationist, and has things well in hand. THE CIRCLE CORPS is on a good, sound basis, and it almost seems as if the whole countryside were saved.

At a good open-air, we started our meeting with a full house. Everything seemed on the roll. Staff-Captain Jewer and his "Grumblers" accompanied by his guitar, went with a grand swing. Testimonies came thick and fast from a host of well-saved, and good-and-true soldiers.

With Fiery Earnestness

Staff-Captain Jewer read to us, and invited to the Cross. Almost everyone stayed to the prayer meeting. We had a soldiers' meeting before closing.

Shortly afterwards, we were on board a load of oats, and about three in the morning, arrived at the home of Captain Richmond, Guelph. Although two miles from any corps, there are faithful hearts here. At a good brother's farm, we unloaded his oats for free, and then loaded up with hay.

COLLINGWOOD, our last visiting place on the trip. Here we found the Brigadier full of faith, and longing for a set-to with the power of darkness.

The Brigadier had, while on the train, an interesting talk with a man who had been in the war for ten years. He was eighty-five miles from the nearest station. They had no religious service. It was like a little hell on earth, and preachers would be gladly welcomed if they would come. The man had nothing to do at night—card-playing all the time.

One man walked 132 miles to have a tenth man. They had a SMALL CAMP, fifty-five men, for five months, and not a preacher all the time.

In front of the town hall, one young fellow, in the open-air, started to poke fun at us, when round turned an old man, and said:

"Now, Billy, remember that you belonged to 'em once."

This would be sooner than I thought. The inside meeting was full of salvation. Collingwood has some well-saved people.

In the meeting a poor drunkard said to the Brigadier, "I am going to have a glass of wine as soon as this meeting is over."

This man is one of the greatest victims to drink in the place, and it should not be at all possible for him to get drunk on a Sunday in this way.

Knee-drill found a proper crowd together, and men were the blessed influence in the meeting that at the close three souls came out for salvation and faith.

In the morning and afternoon visits and staves were dealt with and urged to let go all that kept them from enjoying the presence of God.

The afternoon open-air was a splendid affair. In front of an hotel, to a crowd of interested listeners, the pure unadorned Gospel truth was spoken.

The Brigadier went to visit the friends of Captain McKean, who is no sick in the House of Death. He came from her sick bedside to Collingwood.

Finding two unconverted souls with us at the prayer meeting, the Brigadier, back so faithfully and earnestly with them that one of them GOT SAVED.

The subject at 7:30 was, "The Spirit striving," the Brigadier expounding many hearts. Staff-Captain Jewer, in thundering tones and appealing gestures, followed.

THREE MORE SOULS SOUGHT CHRIST.

At the glorious wind-up we had, the soldiers, the soldiers, the soldiers, danced, the outside friends smiled, the collection on the drum went merrily, and there didn't seem to be a discord in the whole place, except it was in the hearts of those Christ-rejectors.

On Monday the afternoon holiness meeting, at which ANOTHER SOUL sought the blessing of God.

At night the Brigadier related to a large audience his experiences in South America. We were not there ourselves, but we heard many say that they would not have missed it for anything.

Staff-Captain Jewer, Captain Atwell and Lieutenant White took the circle corps horse and rig to the outpost, where, in a kind farmer's home, we spoke of the love of God to a full house. We rejoiced over a SINNER.

GIVING HER HEART TO GOD.

God bless the Collingwood District, and may the war end during the war, in hundreds to God! Ensign MacAmmond holds the reins and the officers ably assist him in their several spheres. G. A.

Pickings From Central Ontario.

Whilst at Lindsay, the Staff-Captain and Brigadier de Barritt took a company of children, and we hear that a very useful hour was spent.

Happy Mike was present at the Lindsay meetings, and told the folks that he had his feet on the neck of the devil. A good brother suggested that that was a good thing for the rest of the folks. "Oh, no," said ready Mike, "every man has to do his own devil."

Well done, Cabbage Mike.

The Musical Troupe have had phenomenal success so far. By day they visit the sinner, backslider, and the sick. Their musical battles for souls have brought crowds to the meetings, and the money has come in just beautiful.

Hallelujah to the name of our King!

A poor Irish woman turned up at the Lipsett head-quarters the other day and told us a thing to our worthy cashier. She highly recommended him to give over writing in that book and go out and work, and show her the way to the Women's Shelter.

As the Brigadier goes about the province, he has many inquiries about Captain McKean, who is in the House of Rest. She is no better, and needs our prayers and sympathy very much. The soldiers at her home, Collingwood, have sent their love to her; her mother, from some place, has been with her for some time.

As some Salvation sisters were passing a brother's shop in Toronto, a man that was being saved was very alive in his comments on the Salvation Army, and his two comrades joined in. The good brother could stand it no longer, and leaving the man half saved, he fought him in his shop. The policeman was called in, but seemed to think it was a passing exhibition that hardly needed the intervention of law. When that barber gets saved, he ought to make a soldier. Moral: Don't abuse the Salvation Army whilst you are getting shaved, and better still, let them alone whether you shave or not.

Brigadier de Barritt wants the loan of a couple of good horses for the summer, and a van. Can you help him? Some harness would be a nice gift.

Niagara reports all the CRUX said; enrolment, and covered meetings. Hallelujah!

Kilmacross Circle Corps is booming, and souls are coming to God.

The Brigadier has announced that he will not enroll any soldiers inside the barracks, it must be done IN THE STREET, and the folks enrolled must understand that it is there that they will have to fight.

A good bit we heard lately was that of the boy who prayed, "Dear Lord, You love little children, and if You want to help me now's Your time."

The general feeling is that the present time is a very good one to ask the help of God. Now is surely the time of God.

Ensign Ayre is the 'ann to push the uniform. He gets all his folks into uniform, and is bound to be in fine style. Wanted, more red blood and fire Salvationists.

Going to Lindsay, Brigadier de Barritt and Staff-Captain Jewer did business with Messrs. Myler, George Smith, of Stouffville, and Captain Parker, of Markham. "What good spirits our folks appear in," was the remark made as the train rushed on. That's it, my comrades, keep out the devil of doubt and discouragement, and we shall get there all right.

May, the 24th, will see special meetings at nearly all the districts in the Central Ontario. The Brigadier goes to Hamilton, the Staff-Captain will hold the feet in Toronto, and other officers are going to have a change over. God bless the Queen, and save her subjects.

Sister Hawcroft, who is with the Musical Troupe, is a great lover of the children.

"Mind you look after the youngsters!" was the parting word of her Provincial Secretary. A letter to hand states that she has had a meeting in every place they have visited. Hallelujah!

Mildred de Barritt has had of lot of trouble with her ear, and has been in the doctor's hands lately. He gives hope of a complete recovery, and the hearts of her parents are made glad.

A dollar's worth of thread was the gift of a Toronto tradesman this week. The Toronto office should have no buttons off for a long time to come now.

Downsview comrades are in for building a small hall for the week nights. Some other corps should follow suit.

A good number of corps have a fair number of officers shorted. This is the salvation of a place; every person is visited; every soldier has something to do, and converts are looked after.

DROPS FROM PORT ARTHUR.

'CAUGHT BY "WATER GATE."

From the "Daily Journal," Fort William and Port Arthur, April 2nd, 1894:

"The best we have heard of among the list of April recruits, was the one that Captain Milner, of the Salvation Army, met with when she was at the drill at seven a.m., and found ninety-four persons assembled for knee-drill, from all the quarters of town. Some who attended, are counting the days they will have to wait until they can go again."

Seven a.m., sixty at knee-drill. Great things said, great things expected. Great times ahead; again at three; better at 7:30. ONE SOUL.

MONDAY.—Rev. Mr. Murray on platform, gave good, practical advice to assist and sinners. Spirit present; ONE SOUL.

TUESDAY.—Soldiers' meeting. Rich blessing; power felt.

WEDNESDAY.—Very stormy. Brethren marched; some deep; good time. First enrolment; soldiers; ELEVEN ENROLLED; all testified.

BROTHER MOONHOUSE said: "Best thing in life."

SISTER KILKENNY.—"You know I was a sinner blessed by the Spirit."

BROTHER HARRIS.—"I wish to be a soldier to fight for the Lord."

FATHER SMITH.—"I thank God that I started in the path of righteousness."

BROTHER McINTYRE (who has had all his fingers frozen and removed through serving the devil) said, "Great change in me."

BROTHER DAVID McLEAN.—"I need courage to keep on."

BROTHER GARLAND.—"By God's help I'll serve Him."

BROTHER NEIL McLEAN.—"I'll try to serve Him."

BROTHER G. BELL.—"At home in the Salvation Army."

BROTHER HESSEN.—"I feel the Salvation Army has called me to serve Him."

BROTHER CHAM.—"Not in my own strength, but God will help me."

Captain Milner reminded them of how soldiers would be watched, and urged them to put confidence in God. Who can keep. Wound up with ONE SOUL. Praise God.

THURSDAY.—Baptist Brother Deadman as Lieutenant again. Good meeting. ONE SOUL again (wife of the brother who came out on Wednesday).

FRIDAY.—Three p.m., holiness meeting; good crowd; Spirit present in power, and Christians richly blessed. RESULTS SEEN. Eight p.m., Dr. McLean, of Methodist Church, assisted Captain and Lieutenant on platform. Spoke of the great work being done by the Army in town. Said he, "I am here to say amen to it." ANOTHER SOUL received pardon.

SATURDAY.—Hall crowded; testimonies "all over the shop;" faith running high. A Brother, for whom many had long prayed, came and gave himself to God. Praise God for ONE SOUL AT EVERY PUBLIC MEETING this week. To Him be all the glory.

"LETTING HIS LIGHT SHINE."

A Pomeroy Preacher Preaches in the Dark.

A queer incident occurred recently at a church in Pomeroy, Ohio, during a protracted meeting. The minister had just finished reading the text of his sermon when, owing to a breakdown in the electric plant, the light went out, and plunged the church in darkness.

After pausing long enough to request the people to sit quietly, the minister, the returned gentleman, continued his sermon making an eloquent appeal to sinners to turn from their evil ways. At the close of the sermon, which lasted forty minutes, he drolly remarked: "I suppose my congregation is still here, so we will sing the doxology and be dismissed." Daily Press.

LOST FRIENDS' COLUMN.

To the Distressed.

The Salvation Army invites parents, relations and friends, in any part of the world, interested in any woman each, to have or heard to be living in inhumanity, or is in danger of coming under the control of immoral persons, to write, stating full particulars, with names, dates, addresses of all concerned, and, if possible, a photograph of the person in whom the interest is taken.

We shall charge no costs for two advertisements (one each for one) of not more than five lines each, unless the advertiser is charged for anything above this and not exceeding ten lines. This is necessary to pay expenses of time and printing.

Were prepared to receive inquiries from any person. The fullest possible particulars should always be given in correspondence relating to these inquiries so as to avoid delay and expense. The number of the advertisement should in every case be quoted.

All letters will be regarded as strictly confidential, and must be addressed to HENRY H. BROWN, Commandant, B. Temple, Albert St., Toronto, with the word "Inquiry" on the corner of the envelope.

Note.—Don't forget that the sum of fifty cents must be sent with each case before it can be dealt with. This will save some trouble.

Forwarding inquiries for lost friends through our Inquiry Department will kindly remember to keep us posted in the event of changing their address. This is most important.

1292 Watson, Michael G. Left home two years ago next August. Last heard from about months ago, then in Oakland, New York. Supposed now to be in Black Rock, Buffalo. He is a blacksmith and cage man (trade); is charged for being a good-looking; fair, blue eyes; high forehead, bald spot on back of head. Mother is very anxious. Address Mrs. Watson, 1292 Temple St., Toronto. U. S. Cry please copy.

1304 Pash, John T. Left London, Eng., on July 1st for Montreal. His wife received a letter from Quebec and then for Mr. Mackenzie, at Port Huron, Ontario. He was then working at a Mr. G. Matthews of York Street. He is about 30 years of age; height 5 ft. 11 in; chest 34 in; build muscular; brown eyes. His wife is very anxious for news.

1295 Moore, Richard James. Last at St. Andrew's Island P.O., Manitoba. He is supposed to be working at a Mr. Mackenzie, at Port Huron, Ontario. He is about 37, fair sandy complexion and beard; scar on his eye. His brother William is very anxious to hear from him.

1296 McMartin, James. Age 30; low set; oval features; fair hair; grey blue eyes. In 1890 he left St. Andrew, Quebec. Last heard of five years ago when he was working in Spottsville, U. S. A. Employed in iron bridge building. Any one knowing or having known any thing of his whereabouts, please write his sister Maggie McMartin, Otto Demoski, St. Andrew, P.E.I., Quebec.

1297 Humphreys, E. M. Who left London, England, in 1890. When last heard from was in Ringwood, Marlham, Ont. April 2d. Information currently desired by his sister Miss P. Humphreys, General P.O. Montreal.

1298 MacIntyre, William. Formerly a Soldier of the Centre Street Corps about four years ago. Please send address or call at 201 Victoria Street at once.

1402 Clarke, Mrs. Robert. Native of Chatham, Somersetshire. Left London 26 years ago, and when last heard of 10 years ago, was living in Toronto. Her husband's foot; dark eyes, an oval curly hair. Her husband is a watchmaker, sister enquires. U. S. Cry please copy.

1403 Campbell, James. Left Green Sound for British Columbia about ten years ago. Height 6 feet; dark hair, blue eyes; a scar on the cheek; age 35. Last heard from about ten years; he was employed by the Hudson's Bay Co. in the Yukon. He is now in the Yukon, and writes to his father James Campbell, Owen Sound, he will hear something of his advantage.

1404 Taylor, William. Widower, with two children. Last heard of in St. John, N.B. His sister, Mrs. Jones, 121 Quincy Street, Port Townsend, is anxious to hear from him. U. S. Cry please copy.

FRAGMENTS.

GATHERED BY A. ROGERS.

A CHRISTLESS SERVICE is no upward step.

"BE SILENT TO THE LORD and let Him mould thee," is Luther's translation of our "Rest in the Lord."

DOES THY HEART PANT for lasting pleasure? Then seek and love Jesus.

EVERY CHRISTIAN IS ENDOWED with a power whereby he is enabled to resist and conquer temptation.—TILLSTON.

FAITH BUILDS A BRIDGE from this world to the next.

O'er death's dark gulf, and all its horror hidden.—Dr. E. Young.

GRACE IS NEEDED to make gifts available for the service of God.—SPURGEON.

HEART-CLEANING from all unrighteousness is received like the forgiveness of sins, by confession of our needs, prayer and faith.—J. A. WOOD.

KEEP THY HEART with all diligence, for out of it are the issues of life.—BIBLE.

"LOOKING FORWARD strains the eyesight, Looking upward opens heaven."

NEVER SPEND YOUR TIME IN SUCH A WAY that you would not like God to say, "What art thou doing?"

THE GREATLY WISE to think of our past hours and ask them what report they're borne to heaven?

UNDERSTANDING IS A WELL-SPRING of life unto him that hath it.—BIBLE.

VAIN COMPANY must be wholly given over.

YOU MUST GIVE ALL, or nothing when God asks it.

The "Retreat," THE SALVATION ARMY WORKING- WOMEN'S HOME,

NOW OPEN,
14 Albert Street, East side Temple.
GOOD FOOD AND CLEAN, WARM BEDS

AT THE FOLLOWING PRICES:

Soup	2 cents.
Soup and Bread ..	3 "
Irish Stew	5 "
Tea or Coffee, per cup, 2 "	
Bread and Butter ..	2 "
Warm Beds	7 "

Dressmaking, Plain Sewing and Knitting
done at Reasonable Prices.

A SPLENDID FIRE

Can be produced by using
COAL AND WOOD

bought at our woodyard. Telephone 761 or
1444, corner of Wilson Avenue and Victoria.
Kindling, 7 Crates \$1.00. Coal—Cur-
rent price. Branch office—Lippincott and
Ulster.

AUTOHARPS.

The demand for this beautiful instrument
is daily increasing. We have repeated
enquiries about them. In order to supply
our Officers quickly and cheaply, we have
made arrangements with the manufacturers,
and are now selling autoharps at the following
rates:

No.	1-21 strings, 2 bars, producing 3 chords.	PRICE
" 1-21 "	" 4 "	\$ 6 00
" 2-22 "	" 5 "	5 00
" 3-23 "	" 6 "	5 00
" 4-24 "	" 7 "	11 50
" 5-25 "	" 8 "	13 00
" 6-26 "	" 9 "	20 00
" 7-27 "	" 10 "	27 00

DRESSMAKING DEPARTMENT.

You Should Wear Regulation Uniform!

The way to get it is to write to the Trade
Secretary for sampler of Dress Goods and
Self-Measurement Forms, and order at once.
Great variety in Serges and Cashmeres.
Try Headquarters!

The June Congress

Will soon be here, and you have not ordered
your Dress yet! Think of it! Time is
passing. Send for Samples and Self-
Measurement Forms, at once, to the
Trade Secretary.

HAVE YOU READ

"Perfect Love,"

By REV. J. A. WOOD?

It is the book you should read. You can
obtain it from the Trade Secretary
at \$1.00 per copy.

Order Your TRIMMED BUNNET Early

To get it in time. Now is the rush.
All Prices.

Friends of the Social Wing.

ATTENTION!

Our Branch Coal and Wood
Office is now open, corner of
Lippincott and Ulster Streets.
The officer in charge, is pre-
pared to give prompt and
careful attention to all orders.
This will be a means of great
assistance to the Social Work.

WESTWARD HO! THE COMMANDANT

—AND—

Brigadier Holland ON THE WING!

INSTALLATION

—OF—

Major and Mrs. Read, P. S., AT WINNIPEG.

MEETINGS AS FOLLOWS:

BRANDON - - Friday - - April 20
WINNIPEG - - Saturday and Sunday, April 21 and 22

On account of the inability of the Commandant to call
off at every place,

RAILWAY STATION MEETINGS

will be held at the following places:

SATURDAY,	April 21.—12.33 p.m.	CARBERRY
"	" 21.—2.25 p.m.	PORTAGE LA PRAIRIE
TUESDAY,	" 24.—1.25 p.m.	FORT WILLIAM
"	" 24.—3.15 p.m.	PORT ARTHUR

Mrs. Booth

WILL CONDUCT THE

ANNIVERSARY SERVICES

—AT—

OSHAWA, Monday, April 30th,

—AND—

LISCAR STREET, May 9th.

All Headquarters and Provincial, Social and Rescue Staff
present at Liscar Street. Temple, Lippincott, Dovercourt,
Richmond St., and the Yorkville Corps will also be present.

SPECIAL HOLINESS CAMPAIGN!

A CONVENTION ON REAL RELIGION

WILL BE HELD IN THE

Y. W. C. A. Hall, on Elm Street, Toronto,

ON THE EVENINGS OF

EVERY FRIDAY, until further notice,

Commencing at 8 o'clock.

MRS. BOOTH,

ASSISTED AS FAR AS POSSIBLE BY

Brigadier Mrs. Holland, Brigadier and Mrs. de Barritt,
and MAJOR COMPLIN,

Staff-Captains FRIEDRICH, FRY, STREETON and JEWER,
Headquarters and Social Staff, Officers and Soldiers of
the Temple and Yorkville Corps and numbers of other
Christians, Auxiliaries and Friends especially invited.

Central Ontario Province.

BRIGADIER De BARRITT?

—AND—

STAFF-CAPTAIN JEWER

APPOINTMENTS

are as follows:

RICHMOND STREET, Saturday, Sunday
and Monday, April 21st, 22nd and
23rd.

BRAMPTON, Tuesday, April 24th.
RICHMOND STREET, Thursday, April
26th.

OSHAWA, Saturday, Sunday and Monday,
April 28th, 29th and 30th.

LIPPINCOTT, Tuesday, May 1st, Soldier's
Council (all city soldiers). Tea from 6
to 7, meeting at 7:30.

LISCAR STREET, Sunday, Monday and
Wednesday, May 6th, 7th and 8th
(anniversary).

BARRIE, Queen's Birthday, (Mrs. de
Barritt and Staff).

TORONTO, Queen's Birthday, (Staff-
Captain Jewer).

HAMILTON, Queen's Birthday, (Brigadier
de Barritt and Staff).

Brigadier de Barritt will visit Uxbridge
District corps in May.

The Musical Troupe

WILL VISIT THE FOLLOWING

CORPS:

ORANGEVILLE, Saturday, Sunday and
Monday, April 21, 22 and 23.

BRAMPTON, Tuesday and Wednesday,
April 24th and 25th.

RICHMOND STREET, Thursday, April
26, to Monday, April 30.

EAST ONTARIO PROVINCE

Provincial Appointments

AS FOLLOWS:

ODESSA:
Saturday and Sunday, April 21 and 22—
Special Meetings, Staff-Captain Sharp
and Lieutenant Morris.

DESERONTO:
Saturday, April 23.—Brigadier Scott,
Staff-Captain Sharp, and Lieutenant
Morris.

Sunday, April 24.—Special Meeting.
Picton Band expected.

NAPANEE:
Saturday, May 5.—Brigadier Scott, Staff-
Captain Sharp, and Lieutenant Morris.
Sunday, May 6.—Special Salvation Meet-
ings. Brass Band expected.

WEST ONTARIO PROVINCE

Brigadier Margotta's Welcome Tour.

STRATFORD, Friday, April 30th.
SEAFORTH, Saturday, Sunday and Mon-
day, April 21st, 22nd and 23rd.

GODERICH, Tuesday, April 24th.
CLINTON, Wednesday, April 25th.

STRATHROY, Friday, April 27th.
PETROLEA, Saturday, Sunday and Mon-
day, April 28th, 29th and 30th.

DRESDEN, Tuesday, May 1st.
PALMERSTON, Saturday, Sunday and
Monday, May 5th, 6th and 7th.

DRAYTON, Tuesday, May 8th.

LISTOWELL, Wednesday, May 9th.

TORONTO, ATTENTION! PLEASE.

3 P. M., EVERY FRIDAY, IN BAGGAGE
OF TEMPLE, ALBERT STREET.

Holiness Meeting

CONDUCTED BY

MRS. BRIGADIER De BARRITT.

Every Salvation Army Soldier and
Friend is earnestly invited to attend one
or all these meetings.

EASTER WAR CRY.

If you did not get the Easter
War Cry and Supplement to
cause the Captain had sold out
ask him to send to the Trade
Secretary for some more. We
supply all orders by return
mail as long as the stock will
last.